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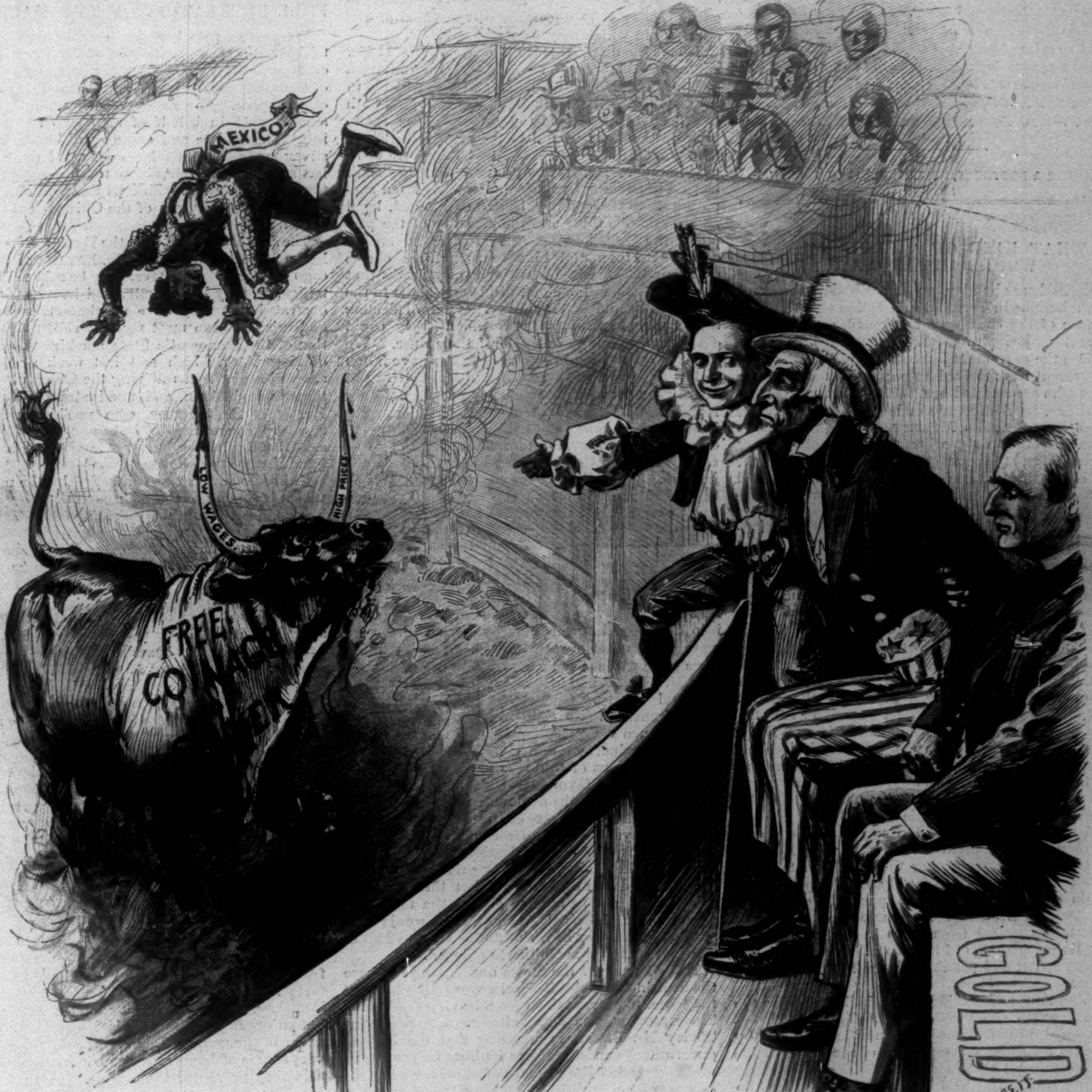
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THE RASHNESS OF YOUTH.

LITTLE WILLIE: "HE COULDN'T DO THAT TO TWO BIG MEN LIKE ME AND YOU, UNCLE SAM. LET'S TACKLE HIM!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

New York City, September 26, 1896.

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Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,

WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,

GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

"Harper's Weekly, *as you are doubtless aware, is a strong advocate of sound money. Not only are its reading columns filled with clear and convincing statements as to the exact meaning of the 16-to-1 craze, but its illustrations are strong arguments in favor of the present money standard.... To me it appears to be the journal most likely to influence the public,.... in this crisis, toward voting a sound-money ticket.*"—W. C. Edgar, Manager, *The Northwestern Miller.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHAT KIND OF A GOVERNMENT WOULD BRYAN HAVE?

THERE are abundant evidences besides the great triumphs in Vermont and Maine that the conscience of the country is awakened, and that the honest majority are fully determined to overwhelm the movement headed by Mr. Bryan. That movement has received no aid or comfort from the men who are counted best in the country. On the contrary, its Democratic endorsers are politicians, who, like Senators Murphy and Gorman, have disgraced the party which, unfortunately, they have led, and the country into the service of which, still more unfortunately, that leadership has foisted them. It seems necessary, such is the sensitiveness of some of Mr. Bryan's supporters, to repeat the assurance that we are not questioning the honesty and good faith of all of them. Many of the followers of the silver fetich are thoroughly honest. We were inclined to believe Mr. Bryan himself a misguided but sincere enthusiast until he came into the East, and by his efforts to excite hostility between the idle and industrious, and between those who hope to gain a competence and those who have already acquired one, showed himself to be the most reckless and the wickedest demagogue who ever ran for the Presidency. But the honest supporters of the Chicago ticket were silver men before the convention was held. Since then no Democratic convention or primary has endorsed the ticket and the platform that has not been controlled by the "bosses," large and small, who have made the name of Democratic politician odious. On the other hand, the Democratic leaders who deserve and have the respect of the country have either announced their intention of voting for Mr. McKinley or are supporting the third ticket, nominated at Indianapolis. The Democratic movement against Mr. Bryan is now supported by the only Democratic President inaugurated since James Buchanan retired from office in 1861, and by all the living members of his two cabinets except Mr. Hoke Smith and possibly the half-forgotten Garland.

Vermont and Maine have indicated how the country will vote in November. The result is not doubtful, unless, indeed, an unanticipated apathy should follow as a consequence of such remarkable victories. But bare success for the cause of honesty is not sufficient. The Bryan movement is truly called by its leader a revolutionary movement. Its authors and leaders propose to change the character of the government, and to make the country an outlaw among the nations. Such a movement must not only be defeated for this year and for this Presidential campaign, but for all time. No germs must live to breed new assailants upon the integrity and honor of the nation. The necessity of such a defeat will be more fully realized if we contemplate the kind of government that this country would have if Mr. Bryan had his way, and could realize through a sympathetic Congress his political and social ideals.

We should have a paternal government which would encourage thriftlessness and dishonesty by providing dishonest debtors with cheap money for the repayment of the good money that they owe. We should have a government paper money based on silver, and irredeemable even in that cheap and fluctuating metal, for such, in effect, is the demand of the Bryan platform adopted by the Populists at St. Louis. With such a currency our relations with the rest of the commercial world would be disturbed and full of disaster for the farmers who are our chief exporters, and who would be obliged to lose the market value of all the fears felt concerning our currency by the foreign purchasers of their products. Enterprise would be stifled. No money would be advanced for the building or maintenance of railroads, and railroads have opened the markets of the world to the farmers of the West. The wage-earners would suffer most severely, for their pay would not buy within 50 to 75 per cent. in value of what their wages will obtain for them to-day. An army of men and women would be thrown out of employment, for no one would either lend money or manufacture goods if they were uncertain of the value of the currency in which they would be paid.

This is the material side of the question. If Mr. Bryan had his way we should furthermore have a dishonest government. Our bonds are payable in coin. When we issued them, coin meant gold both to seller and buyer, and the government meant to promise that they should be paid in gold. Those who bought them understood that they were to be paid in gold. Mr. Bryan proposes that they shall be paid in silver dollars worth 53 cents. Even supposing that the country has the technical, legal right to do this thing, are the majority of the people of the United States ready to take advantage of a subterfuge and to vote themselves cheats and swindlers? Mr. Bryan evidently thinks that they are dishonest, for one of his appeals is to the debtor class and its friends. He tells all debtors that, under his kind of government, they could cheat their creditors out of half their dues. We doubt if the people of the United States have fallen so low as to vote in favor of fraud and theft. But Mr. Bryan wants a government that will not only repudiate half the debt contracted for the purpose of saving the Union, and help dishonest debtors to cheat their creditors, but that will refuse to borrow money to pay its current expenses. In 1894 the government's expenditures exceeded its receipts by $69,803,261; and in 1895 the excess of expenditures over receipts was $42,805,223. Mr. Bryan's two platforms deny that the government has the power to pay the debts represented by this deficiency—debts due to its soldiers and sailors, to men who sell it goods, to farmers who sell it provisions, to mechanics and laborers who work for it. Mr. Bryan's kind of government would have been driven into disgraceful bankruptcy by reason of the extravagance of Congress, and its creditors would have gone without their money.

If Mr. Bryan had his way there would be little personal liberty. One of the precious rights of our citizenship is the right to say when, to whom, and in return for what character of money we shall sell our products or our labor. But Mr. Bryan would deprive us of that right. His Chicago platform says, "We favor such legislation as will prevent for the future the demonetization of any kind of legal-tender by private contract." His Populist platform says: "We demand such legislation as will prevent the demonetization of the lawful money of the United States by private contract." These two declarations mean that the American citizen shall not be able to choose the money in which he shall be paid. Mr. Bryan would substitute the tyranny of a statute for the freedom of contract that we have hitherto enjoyed.

In 1861 some of the States undertook to enforce the doctrine that the Federal government had not the power to prevent them from leaving the Union. Their attempt was defeated after a terrible war. To-day Mr. Bryan is asserting that the Federal government cannot enforce its laws or protect its property against the violence of mobs except by the consent of the State in which the riot occurs. Mr. Bryan seeks to revolutionize the government by destroying the results established by the war of secession; for if he is right, Mr. Lincoln was wrong when he sent his troops into the South to restore the supremacy of the laws of the Union and to protect the property of the United States.

The great safeguard of our popular rights and liberties lies in the power of the Supreme Court to bring all legislation to the test of the Constitution. Mr. Bryan's government would destroy that safeguard by packing the Supreme Court with judges who would agree with the Constitutional views of the legislative branch of the government if that branch happened to be in the hands of the Populists.

Under the merit system the civil service of the country is now open to all citizens of the republic who can earn employment by succeeding in fair competitive examinations. Mr. Bryan's government would return to the old spoils system under which our public offices would again be filled with the idle, worthless, and corrupt henchmen of politicians.

Mr. Bryan's kind of government would be desolating and disastrous. It would be a retrogression to remote times when the art of government was in its infancy, and when men were struggling with the problems of finance growing out of the system of barter or of the use of wampum for currency. It would be the strongest evidence yet produced that under and in consequence of universal suffrage the ignorant, the incompetent, the reckless, and the dishonest sometimes triumph, and therefore it would delight the hearts of the enemies of the democratic form of government.

FULL REVELATION OF THE MACHINE.

Whatever may be said in criticism of the intelligence of the Western and Southern Democrats who have adopted the silver heresy, many of them are men of excellent character and patriotic purpose. We are aware that this is saying a good deal in behalf of men who are supporting the candidate and cause of dishonor, but the silver madness which has captivated their minds has so obscured their vision that they cannot see the danger to our institutions that Bryan and the other Populist captors of the Chicago convention are threatening.

The case is different with the Eastern Democratic leaders who are supporting Mr. Bryan and the Chicago platform. Whatever may be said of their intelligence, they have finally and irrevocably demonstrated that they have no character whatever, and this has been most recently shown by the action of the Democratic State machine convention of New York, which met last week at Buffalo, adopted a platform ratifying the Chicago nominations and platform, and nominated for Governor Mr. John B. Thacher, who presided over the Saratoga convention of last June, and who then said that the silver heresy "touches with coarse hand the national honor."

This convention was controlled by the machine which has dominated the Democratic party in New York since the untimely death of Mr. Manning. It was industriously and cunningly constructed by Senator Hill, but its ownership is now shared between him, Senator Murphy, and Tammany Hall. It is doubtful which one of the partners owns the largest share in the property, but it is clear that business is transacted by mutual concessions, agreed to, no doubt, by reason of mutual fears.

This machine was constructed for the purpose of advancing the personal fortunes of Mr. Hill. It exists for that and for the additional purpose of furthering the base designs of the other partners. There never was a time when this machine and its leaders would not have betrayed the Democratic party of the State and nation in consideration of offices and places, and of the opportunities for spoil and plunder which are to be derived from the possession of offices and places. In the pursuit of its predatory purposes it has excluded every Democrat of prominence and character in the State from public employment. It has denied to the people of the State the privilege of voting for the best men of the Democratic party. It has been a standing indictment against the party that its men of ability and character were powerless in its counsels. But the State owes a large debt of gratitude to those Democrats who have been excluded from those counsels, because they have looked the facts in the face and have recognized that the Democratic machine is not the Democratic party, but an organization of political brigands masquerading in the name of Democracy and polluting the very source of democratic government. Believing this, they prevented the machine from presenting Mr. Hill's name to the National Democratic Convention in 1892 as the choice of the Democrats of New York, and now they are doubtless prepared to follow up the action of the Syracuse convention of four years ago by a ticket and a platform opposed to Bryan, to the Buffalo candidates, and to the Chicago enunciation of political and economic heresies.

There has never been a time when the Hill machine has cared for principle. In this respect it is like its master and his political associates from other States, like Murphy, whose statesmanship is limited by the collar and cuff industry of Troy, like Gorman, who has betrayed every party interest ever intrusted to him, like Brice and Smith, who were the chief factors in the conspiracy to break their party's tariff promises. Hill himself has been sometimes for free coinage, but mainly for international bimetallism. He has been for whatever standard might seem to contain the promise of the most votes for Hill. At Chicago he was for gold, under the disguise of international bimetallism, because he knew that the voters of New York were opposed to the free coinage of silver. He declared the Chicago platform unsound, Populistic, and revolutionary. He said: "It cannot be defended successfully.... This is a revolutionary step; this is an unwise step; this is an unprecedented step in our party history." He said that the platform means the "repeal of your redemption act; it means repudiation *per se* and simple." He warned the Populists, who had gained control of the convention, in these words: "Do not attempt to drive old Democrats out of the party that have grown gray in its service."

The machine itself has never before dared to declare in favor of the free coinage of silver. It is true that after Senator Hill came into control of the organization it avoided the subject of finance until 1891. But in that year it was forced to make a declaration, and against Mr. Hill's own inclinations adopted a platform in which occurred a phrase that ran through many subsequent Democratic platforms on this subject. It was offered, strangely enough, by Richard Croker, who was induced to speak for the commercial interests of the metropolis. It denounced the Sherman purchase act, and declared the Democrats of New York to be "against the coinage of any dollar which is not of the intrinsic value of any other dollar in the United States." In 1892 the machine readopted this platform. In 1894 it rejoiced in the repeal of the Sherman act, because, among other things, "all fear of a depreciated currency has been allayed, and faith has been restored in the ability of the government to maintain a constant parity between its gold and silver coinage." In 1895 its platform said, "No free and unlimited coinage of silver." The convention of this year, held on June 24, which elected delegates to the Chicago convention, adopted a rambling set of platitudes on international bimetallism, but concluded as follows: "We favor the rigid maintenance of the present gold standard as essential to the preservation of our national credit, the redemption of our public pledges, and the keeping inviolate of our country's honor."

And now this machine has, within three short months, denied its declaration in favor of sound money, and has ratified a platform which it has asserted to be an assault upon the national credit and the country's honor, and which its most intelligent leader has declared to mean "repudiation *per se* and simple." This machine represents nothing but hunger for public plunder. It has no principles. It and its leaders are not entitled to the support of Democrats who profess principles, and who are good citizens and patriots. Especially are Democrats not to be coerced by such a machine, on the score of regularity, to vote for a candidate for President who is charged with voting for Weaver the Populist in 1892, and who announced that "regularity" would not keep him in the party if a gold-standard Democrat were nominated at Chicago, saying, "Nothing in heaven above, on the earth, nor in hell beneath, could make me support a gold-standard candidate on a gold-standard platform."

THE VICTORY IN MAINE.

The victory of the Republican candidate for Governor in Maine is much more significant than that in Vermont. It is evident that the voters of the country are moving in the right direction, that they have seen through the wretched sophistries of the silverites, the immorality behind them. The patriotism of the American citizen has been successfully appealed to, and now that he sees distinctly the character of the assault upon the nation's honor, there is no doubt of the overwhelming defeat that Mr. Bryan and his associates will meet next November. The Weekly has always maintained that the American voter decides correctly on a moral issue after he has been enlightened by full discussion, and we are once more having a demonstration of that proposition.

The Maine election shows that the opposition to Bryanism and Populism is not partisan. The victory is not a Republican victory. It is a victory for sound money, for national honesty, for the maintenance of law and order, for the preservation of the powers and dignity of the Supreme Court. It is a rebuke to Mr. Bryan's effort to array class against class. Democrats who staid at home, or who voted for the third ticket, or who, in greater numbers still, voted for the Republican candidate, have helped to swell the enormous and unprecedented plurality of nearly 50,000.

And this occurred not only in an agricultural State whose Republican farmers were said to be deeply inoculated with the virus of silver, but in the Eastern State in which the most discontent with the two old parties has been manifested. It is the one Eastern State which has elected a Greenbacker to be Governor, and where wild financial heresies have been so strongly and numerously held as to control more than once the action of the Democratic party, at one time—in 1880—forcing it not only into fusion with the Greenbackers, but into accepting a Greenbacker as its candidate for Governor.

The Republican farmers of the State have shown that they have not gone over to the silver cause, and it is clear that the conscience of Maine is still active. The majority against national dishonor is 20,000 greater than the majority of 1872 for General Grant. And this indicates what the honest people of the country will do in November, if they are as well instructed on the issues of this election as the voters of Maine have been.

THE OTHER SHEEHAN.

Last week we made some observations upon the stand taken by John C. Sheehan, presently of New York, in favor of Bryan. We have now to remark upon the fact that the elder brother of John C., William F., still of Buffalo, erstwhile weirdly Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and designated by Mr. T. F. Gilroy, on some convivial Tammany occasion, as "Blue-eyed Billy," has come out against Bryan and against the platform. As Burke might have said of Fox, "his ease, his interest, even his darling regularity, he has deliberately put at hazard." Even his place on the National Committee he has declared that he would resign if the New York convention "endorsed" the Chicago platform.

We do not quote this touching incident to prove that the brains and character of the Sheehan family, such as they are, are opposed to Bryanism. That is doubtless true, so far as it goes, but it is not a very important truth. In the same category of truths is it that William F. has more sense than John C. This truth is undoubtedly vindicated by the divergent courses of the brothers. But their several protestations, while they may make the unthinking think, must make the judicious laugh. The hilarity of the judicious will be equally aroused by the assurance of John C., based upon his personal study of the currency question, that the arguments of the gold-standard men are fallacious, and that John C. needs money in order to prevent these arguments from "deceiving the masses," and by the assurance of William F. that his "self-respect" will not permit him to support Bryan.

What it really is that will not permit William F. to support Bryan is a matter of conjecture. It has been plausibly suggested that it may be his clients. It may be the influence of his honored leader, Senator Hill, who may prefer that John C. rather than William F. shall represent the "regular" lobe of his mind, and that William F. may be preserved intact for future use. But we are inclined to believe that it is the operation of William F.'s own intelligence, coupled, of course, with his "self-respect." The facts, however, that William F. has no standing except as a politician, and that he has a standing as a shrewd politician, though at present under a local cloud, make his defection of more importance to Bryan than if he were an esteemed and virtuous citizen.

BAD WATER IN BROOKLYN.

It does seem preposterous that Brooklyn, a city with a million inhabitants, should be suffering from bad water, and that so far no remedy has been found. Not to mince matters, reports of commissioners are both absurd and conflicting. Certain official experts, though all who drink the water know how disgusting it is, say that this water may be disagreeable to the taste and the nose, but that it is a perfectly harmless fluid. Nasty, yes, but potable. Then come the bacteriologists. They say that the water, if not precisely dangerous, is the medium wherein the most harmful germs can be propagated. These two opinions are, then, conflicting.

Some time ago in Harper's Weekly the unfortunate conditions of the water sources, as found then at Hempstead, were dwelt upon, and the bad character of a general reservoir some distance beyond Hempstead was commented on. At that very time the writer of that article presaged the present condition of the Brooklyn water.

It seems a crying shame that such impure water (for say what may the officials, the water is impure) should have been distributed for over a month in Brooklyn and nothing done so far save palavering.

We are told that when winter comes, or there is a big rain, then Brooklyn water will be all right again; that the cause for the nastiness in the present water was because nature had done something out of the way, abnormal, in producing an excessive vegetable growth in and around the reservoirs. It is to prevent just such things, which are not to be classed as "accidents," that there are water commissioners. There may be no necessity for any alarm, but there ought to be found an immediate remedy for such positively unwholesome conditions. The sources of supply, the reservoirs in and around Brooklyn, want a more careful policing. If those who are officially connected with the water supply cannot discover what is at fault, there are innumerable experts elsewhere who can. As to the analysis of the water, there is no secret in doing that. At least if it is declared bad, and likely to continue so, boiling such an offensive fluid might be recommended by the Brooklyn Board of Health.

FICTITIOUS VALUES.

Among the regular grievances of the social agitator the over-capitalization of corporations is important, and is ever successful in awakening the resentment of his hearers. That paper evidences of property or earning capacity, multiplied by the printing-press, should be bought and sold, speculated in and made the basis of immense money transactions, has appeared to these agitators a crying wrong upon the working-man. A barrel of pork, of flour, or of sugar, a bale of cloth, of hay, or of cotton, is something tangible, evident, and measurable. Any one of these articles will command money or labor, and in a definite amount. But to deal in shares representing not capital but earning capacity, and to sell what one does not possess, have been considered as an insult to the laborer and a hinderance to the farmer, keeping them from market and profit.

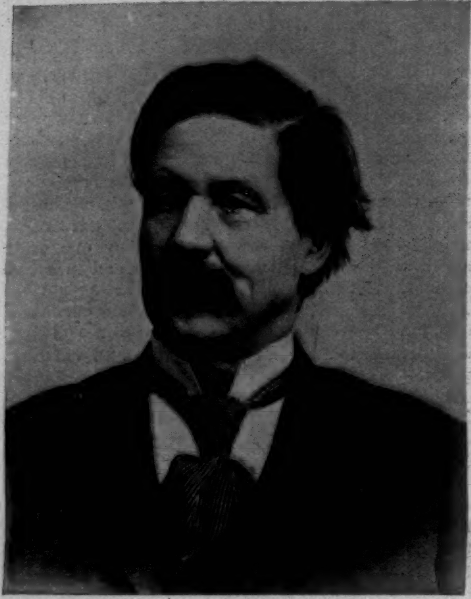
Let it be admitted for the moment that such transactions in shares—"fictitious property," as they have been called—do work all the injury to the producers predicated of them. Let it be assumed that every broker dealing in "futures" is doing a wrong to the real holders of goods. They are trading on wind, and at least know they are taking all the risks incident to speculation. They may gain or lose, but their dealings do not materially affect the great current of productive industry. The farmer still produces wheat, cotton, or wool; the working-man still turns out iron and steel, cloths and glass; and these goods are still brought to markets where they are needed, and carried to the consumer by a machinery of exchange at once simple and extremely complex. All gambling in values, fictitious or otherwise, might be suppressed without producing any noticeable derangement in the processes of production and distribution.

There are two ways of seriously interfering with those processes, and by one of those strange combinations of circumstances it is proposed to apply both. The medium of exchange can be so changed as to become uncertain in its value; and if this be carried far, labor will be placed in a fictitious relation to products.

If a coin worth only 53 cents be substituted for one worth 100 cents as a standard of value, all values must be brought to the new standard. What could have been purchased for 100 cents will cost 190 cents in the new coin. What could have been purchased for $5 in gold will cost $9 50 in silver. What makes the matter more serious, this silver coin will fluctuate in value. The purchase by the government, for nearly fifteen years, of the entire annual product of silver in the United States did not fix its relation to gold and prevent wide variations from week to week in its value; and no power exerted by the government of the United States can prevent that fluctuation in the future. No one having goods will know how much silver he can obtain for them to-morrow, or how much of other commodities he can obtain for the silver on the next day.

In favor of such a policy it is urged that we will have one-dollar wheat and doubled wages. Everything saleable will be higher priced, and a time of prosperity will succeed. Yes, wheat may sell at a dollar a bushel; but the bushel of wheat will exchange for no more cotton cloth, no more stores at the grocery, and no more farm implements than it did before the change. It will still weigh sixty pounds, and occupy as much space as formerly; and it will still "swap" for everything as before, except for one commodity—labor. It will command ninety-five cents in silver instead of forty-seven cents in gold, but the silver will purchase no more than did the gold; it will command more labor than before, which means a reduction in wages. If the wages of labor do not rise, a workman must work a whole day, instead of half a day, to pay for a bushel of wheat. If wages rise by fifty per cent. (and this extreme rise could be attained only after years of suffering, strikes, and possibly violence), he would still have to give three-fourths of a day's labor where one-half would have sufficed before the "reform."

Thus labor suffers, and alone suffers, for it is unable to shift the burden. As labor is the very foundation of society, to touch it with a dry-rot of insufficient pay is to undermine everything that makes for civilization. To overcome this objection Mr. Bryan and his following say, But wages will be doubled! They speak falsely. Never has it been so in all the experiences under every form of debased currency. The prices of commodities have far outstripped the price of labor, and the very necessaries of life have in price left labor lagging far behind. Yet, admit for the sake of argument that wages will be doubled, and that the working-man will receive two silver dollars for a day's work where one is now received. Is he bettered? The two dollars will purchase only just the same amount of rent and doctoring as one dollar now obtains. Is not Mr. Bryan seeking to "inflate" labor, just as he complains stocks are watered and inflated? Is he not trying to give a fictitious value to labor, just as he is trying to give a fictitious value to silver? Is there any reason to believe that his value of labor will be recognized any more than his value of silver? He is guilty of gross deception, for he is using a phrase which promises much benefit and performs much mischief in the belief that the laborer will be caught by the glitter of his scheme. In inflating labor he is touching the very point on which the safety of the social structure rests; and has he ever seen a building constructed on air? Values, whether of cotton, gold, wheat, silver, or labor, are fixed by laws beyond the power of man to arbitrarily set aside, and doubling values in name cannot create wealth or prosperity. Let him abandon his theory of fictitious value, for labor is *real*.



HON. LLEWELYN POWERS.

THE GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MAINE.

Llewelyn Powers is fifty-eight years old, and comes of a family of much local prominence and distinction in the earlier history of Maine. He fitted for Colby University at St. Albans Academy and Waterville Academy. Though Mr. Powers did not finish the course at Colby, that institution has since conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. After the graduation from the law-school at Albany, New York, in 1860, he was admitted to the New York bar, but in December of that year returned to Maine, was admitted to the Somerset County bar, went to Houlton, and began practice January 16, 1861. He has ever since then considered Houlton his home, except during a period of four years, when he resided in Brookline, Massachusetts, and practised his profession in Boston. He has been admitted to practise in the district and circuit courts of the United States. For many years Mr. Powers was associated with his youngest brother, the present Attorney-General, but recently opened an office by himself, letting his brother Don into the old firm. At present Mr. Powers's extensive timber-land ownership leaves little time for him to devote to law. His possessions bear out his title of "Timber-land King." Several townships are included in them. He owns at present 175,000 acres of timber-land.

His political career is of very marked success. The first office he held was that of County Attorney, to which he was elected in 1864, being the only Republican on the ticket who won. He was re-elected in 1867. In 1869 he was appointed by President Grant to the office of Collector of the new district of Aroostook. He was sent to the Legislature in 1875, and in 1876 he was elected to Congress. In 1878 he was renominated by acclamation, but met defeat at the hands of the Greenbackers. He took an active part in the campaign in behalf of the Republican party in 1892 at the solicitation of his political associates, and to help his brother Frederick in his candidacy for Attorney-General, and was himself elected to the Legislature. In 1894 the Democrats of Houlton made no Legislative nomination, and Mr. Powers went to Augusta for another session, receiving there the unanimous party vote for Speaker

LONDON'S WATER SUPPLY.

The water-supply system of London is a capital instance of the superhuman patience with which Englishmen endure the short-comings of officialdom. The London County Council, unlike the other municipalities of the kingdom, has nothing to do with water. Parliament has created a monopoly and the metropolitan rate-payer is helpless. His water is supplied to him by eight private companies, whose united efforts provide thirty-one gallons a day per head, whereas a sufficient supply is estimated at thirty-five gallons. Of these companies the East London is the worst. The East London Water Company is constantly being taken by surprise. In the hard winter of 1894–95 it complained of the cold. In the fine summer of 1895 it complained of the heat, and this year it practically gave up all attempt to supply its customers with what they bargained for. A water famine in the East End is an annual event, and in time, perhaps, the tardy London rate-payers may wake up to the danger of their apathy and indifference. London pays for its water $11,000,000 a year, though the working expenses of the companies amount only to $4,000,000. About $7,000,000 is paid away in dividends on a capital of something over $75,000,000 and for this investment the companies are modestly asking to be bought out at $175,000,000. One has only to turn to the provinces to see how far London lags behind the rest of Great Britain. Glasgow bought out its water companies forty years ago, and can now boast an available daily supply of 50,000,000 gallons for a population of 850,000 at a total capital expenditure of $10,000,000—a daily supply, that is, of nearly sixty gallons per head. Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, all tell the same tale. Almost every town of any size in the kingdom owns its own water-works and provides about forty gallons a day per head, with ample reserves in the case of drought. Only London accepts an uncertain thirty gallons a day from monopolist companies, one of the largest of which frequently fails to maintain its supply. The other towns have sought pure water at spots far removed from habitation; London continues to draw its supply from the polluted valleys of the Thames and the Lea. The other towns are looking ahead and making ample provision for increase of population and consumption; London, being so much occupied with the helplessness of the present, has not turned a thought towards the future. All her inhabitants can do is to pay their rates and be thankful for such water as they can get.

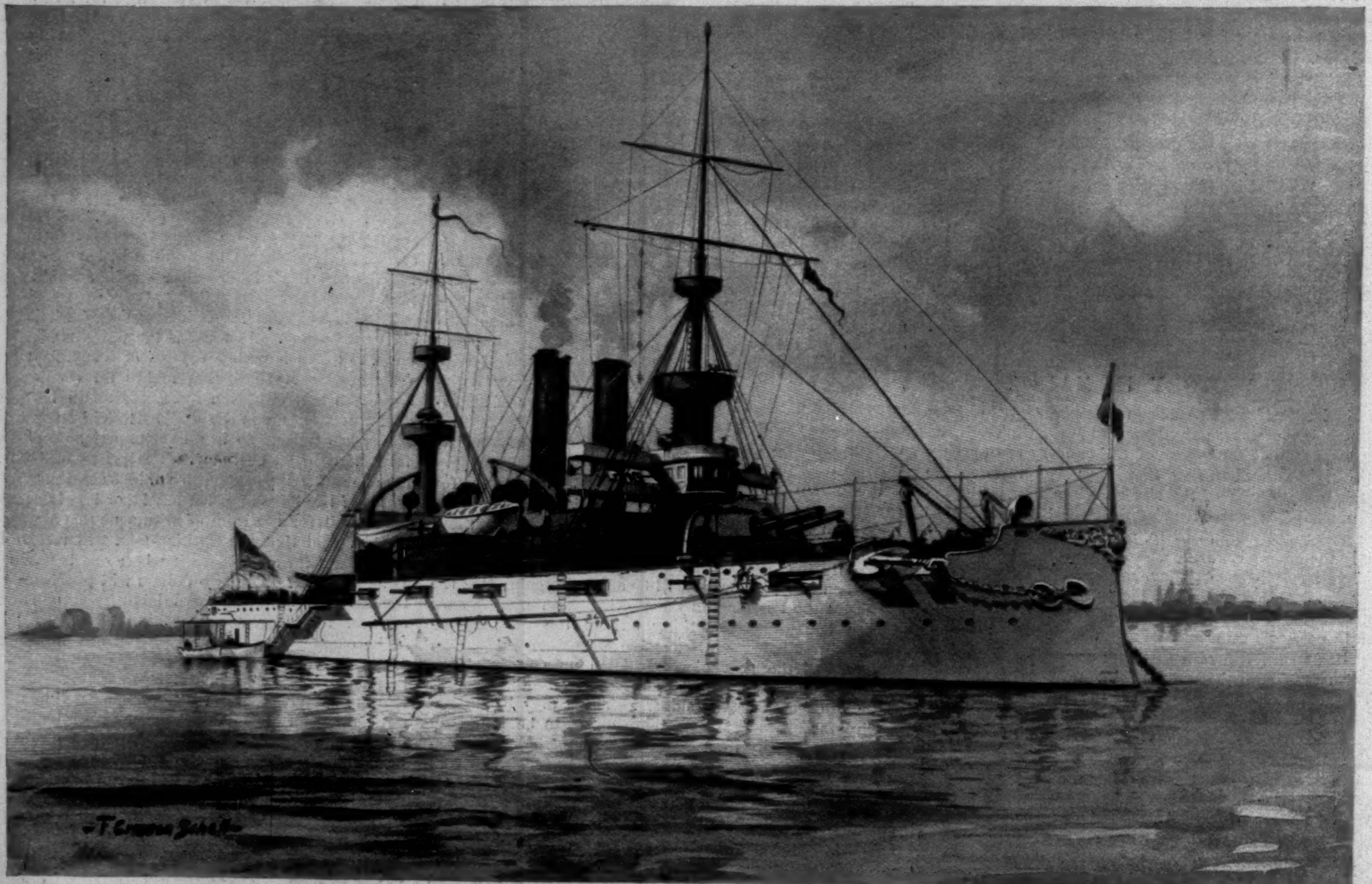
PROFESSOR FRANCIS J. CHILD.
[See Page 942.]

OMAHA'S CITY FLAG.

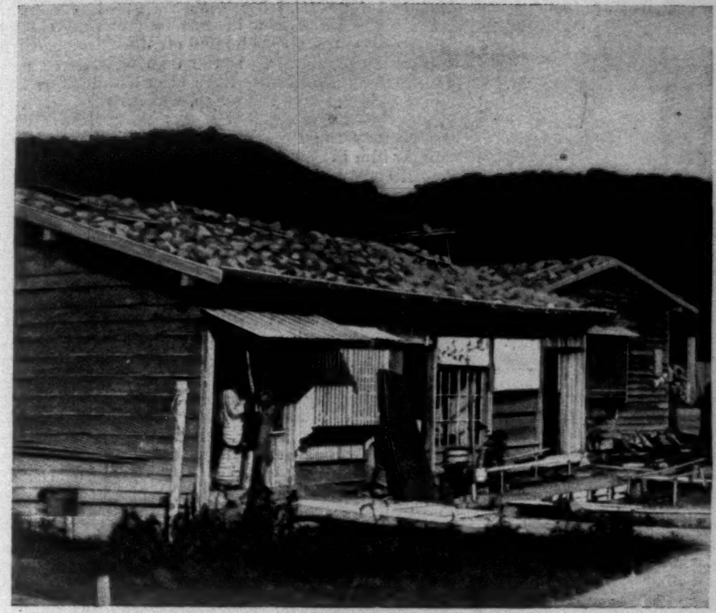
Omaha has now a city flag, following the example of Cleveland and Chicago. It is composed of the colors adopted by the local organization of business men, known as the "Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben," a combination of red, green, and yellow. They are brilliant colors, and serve well for decorative purposes on the streets and housetops. The symbolism is sometimes given as red for the good cattle which go to their slaughter in the abattoirs of of South Omaha, the green for the alfalfa-grass which is another of Nebraska's leading products, and the yellow for corn, the king of all Nebraska's grain.

The Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben, formed a little over a year ago to provide entertainments during the week of the State fair, has proved to be one of the most thoroughly successful organizations of the kind ever attempted, and many Eastern men temporarily in Omaha have been vastly entertained by witnessing the initiations which occur weekly through the summer. An amusing ritual, with appropriate scenery and electrical apparatus, is carried out at the Castle of Ak-Sar-Ben, formerly the Coliseum building, one of the largest structures of its kind in the West. The membership is now over a thousand, and besides the incidental parades and fêtes of the week, the great evening parade of the knights this year cost not less than $20,000. Each year welcomes a new king and a new queen, chosen from the best-known families of Omaha. Last year Ak-Sar-Ben was represented by Hon. E. M. Bartlett, now president of the Commercial Law League of America, and his queen was Miss Meliora C. Woolworth, daughter of Hon. James M. Woolworth, elected last month at Saratoga president of the American Bar Association.

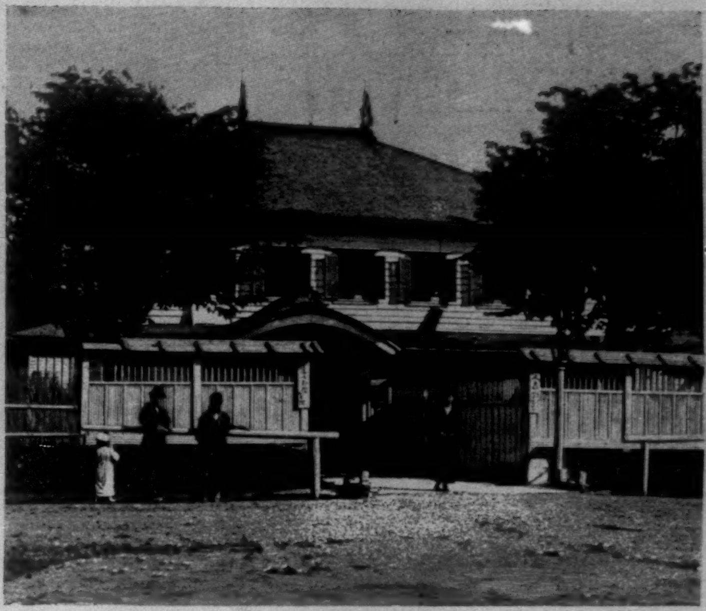
Ak-Sar-Ben is in great favor in Omaha and all over Nebraska, from which State the name, it will be seen, is derived if one should spell it backward; although it is also claimed that a genuine derivation exists, *Ak* and *Sar* being Syriac words, and *Ben* a well-known Hebrew patronymic, which, compounded, means "Head of the Brotherhood"; which is all, to be sure, that the gallant knights claim for themselves.



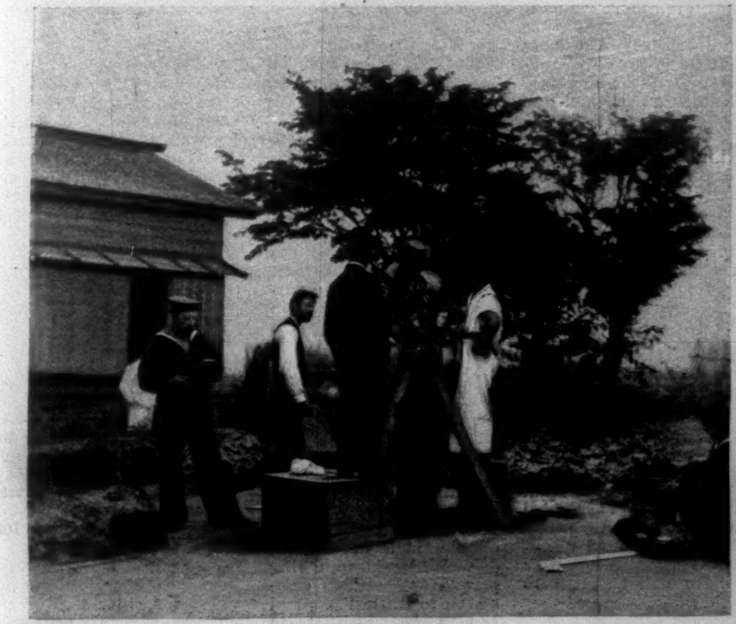
DESIGN OF THE NEW UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIPS "PENNSYLVANIA," "CALIFORNIA," AND "ALABAMA."
Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.—[See Page 955.]



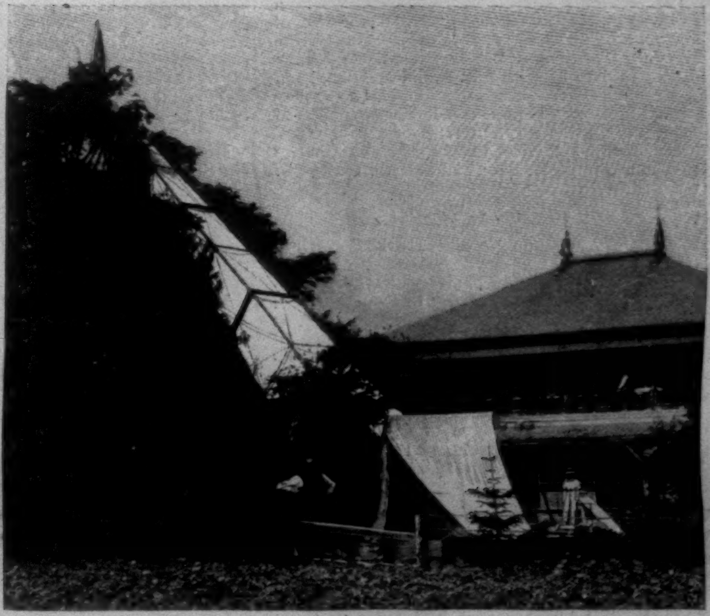
A TYPICAL HOUSE IN AKKESHI.



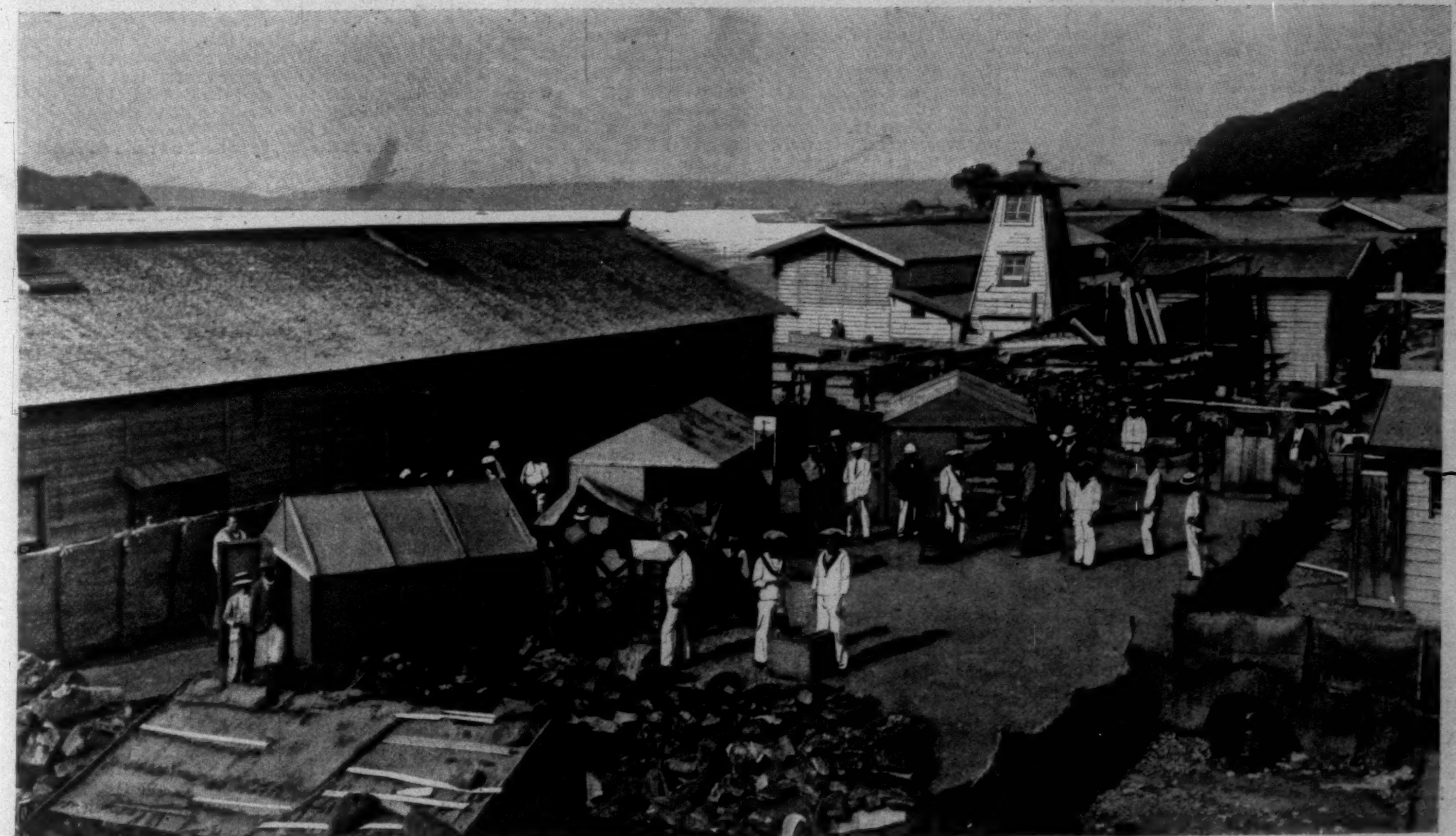
HEADQUARTERS OF THE LICK OBSERVATORY EXPEDITION.



REHEARSING WITH A SMALL TELESCOPE BEFORE THE ECLIPSE.



THE MAIN OBSERVING STATION OF THE LICK EXPEDITION, SHOWING PROFESSOR SCHAEBERLE'S INSTRUMENT.



Mr. Christie.

THE OBSERVING STATION OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION.

THE SOLAR-ECLIPSE EXPEDITIONS AT AKKESHI, ON THE ISLAND OF YESSO.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE MARSHALL ALLEN.—[SEE PAGE 954.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

The University of Rochester hopes to have Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler for its President. The trustees elected him in June, but he was abroad at that time, and early in September it was reported that he had not been heard from, and his reticence was thought to be somewhat remarkable. Dr. Wheeler was expected home on the 16th inst., and Rochester probably knows by this time whether she will get him. His omission to speak his mind by letter is comprehensible if it is true, as is stated, that some time since the Presidency of Colgate University was offered to him, and was accepted, and was then withdrawn by the trustees and placed elsewhere. Very possibly Dr. Wheeler feels that a man who is fooled once by trustees is unfortunate, but a man who is fooled twice lacks reasonable caution.

Professor Francis J. Child, of Harvard, who died on September 11, had been a Harvard teacher for nearly fifty years, and will be missed and mourned in Cambridge. He was a little man, and twenty years ago he had curly blond hair and a ruddy complexion, which gave him a juvenile appearance which was very pleasant and somewhat winning. He was known then, and probably before and since, as "Stubby" Child—a nickname which had neither malice nor disparagement in it, for he was admired for his learning, and greatly liked and respected on general principles besides. His courses were hard, but lazy men sometimes took them in spite of their difficulty because they were interesting. He not only knew more Anglo-Saxon than other people, and more about ballads, and more about reading Chaucer, but he was capable of working at the polls all day in a Cambridge election, and he could grow roses, and was held to be wise and sound and kind and upright in a higher degree than society is used to expect of very learned persons. He was of the Harvard class of '46, and consequently was a graduate of over fifty years' standing. In the same class were Professors Charles Eliot Norton and George M. Lane and Senator George F. Hoar.

At some of the great schools in this country there have come to be clubs of very much the same sort as flourish in most of the colleges. At Phillips Academy, Andover, there are at least three of these societies which have clubhouses, and annual dues of something like one hundred dollars. No doubt the members of them herd together as the members of college clubs do, and see very much of one another and very little of any one else. The objections to clubs in colleges, which are strong enough, would seem to apply with even more force to clubs at preparatory schools. The jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these exclusive organizations come soon enough when they come to lads in college. It seems a pity that school-boys should be subject to them. One particular objection to such clubs as those at Andover is that membership in them or exclusion from them is understood to have a decided effect on the social fate of the Andover boys when they get to Yale, so that lads who are not joined to the club of their choice at Andover are pretty confident that similar disappointments await them when they get to New Haven. There must be a good side to these Andover clubs or they would not be tolerated. Perhaps a club which happens to have a particularly good set of lads in it is a good thing for those lads. But it might be that, and still be rather a bad thing for the lads who are not in it, and so for the school in general.

One does not hear of the Ashburnham library as forming part of the luggage of any returning American who has spent the summer abroad. It was offered for sale early in July, as all book-sharps will remember, and is the most remarkable collection that has come into the London market since the Althorp library changed hands four years ago. It includes about four thousand books, and used to have about that number of manuscripts, but some have been sold. Obviously it is not large, and it makes no pretence of being up to date. A million dollars might buy it, and no doubt some of the great Chicago libraries would be glad to make room for it. This year, though, the United Kingdom has more money to spare than the United States, and Lord Ashburnham's treasures will probably stay in Europe, where they belong.

The names of nine sister British war-ships—or brother ships, more properly—lately built or now building, are *Majestic, Magnificent, Illustrious, Victorious, Mars, Jupiter, Prince George, Cæsar*, and *Hannibal*. To match this remarkable jumble of names one has got to go back to Moses, General Grant, and Pontius Pilate in the roll of Mark Twain's niece's kittens. No doubt her Majesty has so many ships now that the more likely names are all used up, still it would appear that if she put her mind on the matter and used some system and employed efficient help, she might hit on more significant contemporaneous and timely British names than those above. Our American fashion of naming ships after States and cities seems more sensible.

It is announced that the wife of a grandson of Henry Fielding has prepared an expurgated edition of *Tom Jones*. It is hard to conceive how *Tom Jones* can be successfully expurgated without removing Tom bodily from between its covers, and writing in some better-regulated person. If hell were expurgated, and the angel Gabriel substituted for Satan, it might make it nice, but it would not be hell; and no more will *Tom Jones* be *Tom Jones* with Tom left out. A good way for careful readers to deal with *Tom Jones* is to lock it up, and read *Joseph Andrews* instead. A better way, perhaps, is to stick to the nineteenth century and read Thackeray.

It is rumored in Santiago, Chili, that Robinson Crusoe's island (Juan Fernandez) was used up in the earthquakes and volcanic disturbances of March 13 and 14, and has disappeared. About a hundred fishermen lived on this and the neighboring islands, and the government of Chile has sent a vessel to find out whether or not they have been destroyed. Juan Fernandez has been of more use in literature than in practical life, and could be spared without much inconvenience, except to the people who lived on it, but if it is really gone we want to know it, if only that new editions of *Robinson Crusoe* may contain a fresh note.

The London *Times* speaks of the "candidature of Mr. McKinley for the Presidency." "Candidature" is a word of much elegance, and it seems somewhat surprising that it has not held its own in this country against "candidacy," which is so very much more common. The parts of speech get only scant consideration from us in this country when we get interested in a campaign. We seem to wink at syntax when we speak of "running for President"; but after all, if a convenient colloquialism won't parse, it is the fault of grammar, not of language. The political vocabulary of the United States is a thing to be proud of, with "slate" and "stump" and "bolt" for ornaments, and gerrymander for its brightest gem.

The State of Kansas is fast becoming the most notable curiosity in Uncle Sam's museum. In Leavenworth, in that State, on September 12, Lieutenant Charles Young, of the Ninth Cavalry, a colored officer, and the only one at present in the service, was refused admission at the hotels, and had to go on to Kansas City and spend the night in the State of Missouri. Lieutenant Young was ordered to Leavenworth to be examined for promotion. The Secretary of War might properly consider whether it is not inexpedient to have examining boards sit in cities where colored officers are excluded from hotels.

Mr. Robert Wallace, M.P. for Edinburgh, who is opposed to the erection of a statue to R. L. Stevenson in that city, bases most of his opposition on an essay by Stevenson on Burns. He speaks of Stevenson as "a middle-class prig, the most contemptible section of existing humanity." This conception of Stevenson is interesting from its excessive novelty. The man who could be capable of it must be exceptionally handy with his epithets, and would doubtless speak of Noah as a snob and our father Adam as an upstart.

Most of the public schools opened in New York on Monday September 14. Twelve schools did not open, because they are waiting repairs which the city is unable at present to find the money to pay for. Thirteen thousand children who ought to be learning their rudiments in those schools are at home or in the streets, affording object-lessons of the effect of Populism on public credit.

Miss Clara Barton reached New York on September 12, and went with her secretary to the Thousand Islands to finish her report of the Red Cross work among the Armenians. This report, which will be published immediately, and is likely to be out almost as soon as this issue of the Weekly, will give a lamentable description of the misery and destitution of the Armenians. It seems that no one can realize how much a family can need until he has seen a case of Armenian destitution perfected by Kurds. There will be no politics in Miss Barton's report, which will be confined to telling what conditions she and her agents found, and what they did to help. They aided between 250,000 and 300,000 people, most of whom may now live until winter, if they are not murdered meanwhile. A reception will be given to Miss Barton in New York presently, and perhaps an effort will be made to raise more money for Armenian relief.

Telling of a recent six weeks' trial at Bellevue Hospital of certain secret remedies for alcoholism, the *Evening Post* states that "a public official, three actors, several journalists, and other men of like character were among those treated." The *Post* is interesting in this instance, as always, but not so clear as it usually is. What may we surmise to be the average character of "a public official, three actors, and several journalists," the latter, perhaps, members or graduates of the *Post's* own staff? Are we to suppose that these persons were selected in order to give the remedies a thorough test, or because their restoration was especially desired in the interest of the public?

The new remedy was tried at the instance of Mayor Strong, who believes it to be particularly efficacious.

The Mayor's own beverage, as will be remembered, is tea.

It was announced last week in many newspapers that the Rev. Dr. Chauncey B. Brewster, rector of the Grace Protestant Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, would probably be chosen as the successor of Bishop Coxe of the diocese of Western New York. No doubt Dr. Brewster is conspicuously fit to be a bishop, since his promotion is so confidently predicted, but who is it that is able to forecast the action of a diocesan convention not only before it has met, but before many of the delegates to it have been chosen? Is there an Episcopal machine in New York State which makes its slate beforehand and is sure of its ability to put it through? It has been expected, by-the-way, that the Episcopal diocese of Western New York would now be divided, and that Bishop Coxe would have two successors. Who is to be the other? and which is Buffalo to have, and which Rochester?

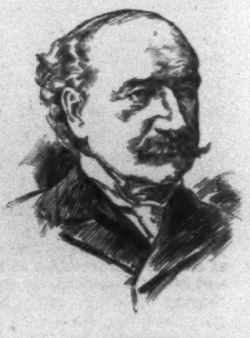
The senior telegrapher and electrician in the country, Charles L. Chapin, died in Philadelphia September 14, at the age of sixty-six. He had been a telegrapher for fifty years, beginning in 1846, when he was sixteen years old. His father was Loren Chapin, of the *Sun*, an intimate friend of Professor Morse. The telegraph has not been invented long enough for the average longevity of its workers to be known.

The insanity of Dr. Gallagher, and the stories of John Daly and others of the Irish dynamiters lately released, are not complimentary to the English prisons. No effort seems to be made in England to bring out the poetry of prison life.

E. S. Martin.

In the present relationship between the man and the horse undoubtedly there is change due to the bicycle, and so we are becoming under less obligations to animal locomotion. It is, however, the old form of horse which is again coming to the front. Perhaps the general reader, not a specialist, has become somewhat tired reading of the original four-toed horse, as his fossil remains are found in Kansas, and how in time he gradually changed until he became the single-hoofed creature, cancelling his earlier toe formation. It is the true wild horse, as he may exist to-day, which we have been looking for. The first find of him, some years ago, was questioned. Anyhow, the creature was called *Equus prjevalskii*, and in a recent journey the Russian explorer Prjevalsky hunted in vain for him in Central Asia in the desert of the Hashun Gobi. Recently the two travellers G. E. and M. E. Grum Grzimailo have come across wild horses in the Dzungarian Desert, and they succeeded in shooting two of them. As to their height, they stood some 1.46 metres, were possessed of a stout back and chest, and with the neatest and trimmest of legs, as clean as those of a race-horse. The head was heavy, with an abnormal width of forehead. The tail had its peculiarities, being parti-colored, taking the hue of the coat of the horse above, but black underneath, and not long-haired. The coat was scant, somewhat curly, but that might have depended on the season. One marked point was the presence of side whiskers, long stiff hairs, extending from the ears to the chin. One thing these animals did was to adhere to the custom of our present horses, for they neighed, whereas the wild ass brays. The Grzimailos say that though the Mongols occasionally capture foals, they never have succeeded in domesticating them. Primitive man has left us a fairly good picture of his horse hunt. It is a stalking scene. One horse is down, and another is being followed. The type of the heads of the horses closely resembles that of the *Equus prjevalskii*. Looking over more recent equine studies, a successful cross has been made between a male zebra (*Equus burchelli*) and a well-bred Scotch mare. The offspring is a finely formed foal, resembling the mother, with the zebra stripes of the sire. In this experiment in hybridism a great deal is expected. We are at work with the broncho, and are tracing back his genealogy, or what he may become in the future.

To its most important dignity and to an office of national importance, despite its strictly speaking unofficial character, the Grand Army of the Republic has elected Major Thaddeus Stevens Clarkson, of Omaha, Nebraska.



T. S. CLARKSON.

Commander-in-Chief Clarkson, who is fifty-six years of age, has an excellent war record. Within two hours of the President's call on April 16, 1861, when he was just twenty-one, he enlisted in Battery A of the First Illinois Artillery. This namesake of the great Pennsylvanian was born at Gettysburg, educated but three miles from the battle-field of Antietam, and saw the most important part of his service in the Arkansas campaign under General Steele.

He first served at Cairo, under General Grant, and re-enlisting on July 16 of the same year, received, on December 1 his promotion as Adjutant of the Thirteenth Illinois Cavalry, to whose command he later succeeded. After service with his regiment and on the staff of General John W. Davidson, taking part in the battles on the march to Little Rock and Helena, he assisted in raising the Third Arkansas Cavalry, was promoted Major, and then commanded until near the war's close.

Joining the G. A. R. in 1879, he soon became commander of his post; was chosen Nebraska's Department Commander by acclamation in 1890, and is also the State's Commander of the Loyal Legion. For three years Major Clarkson was on the Executive Committee of the National Council of Administration of the G.A.R. President Harrison appointed him Postmaster of Omaha in 1876, and he held office until 1895. In 1862 he was married to Miss Mary Beecher Matteson, by whom he has five children.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL—DIFFERENT CONCEPTIONS OF GOVERNMENT.

"One of the important duties of government is the putting of rings in the noses of hogs."—From the Labor Day speech of William J. Bryan, Chicago, September 7.

"Government by law must first be assured. The spirit of lawlessness must be extinguished by the fires of an unselfish and lofty patriotism. . . . to preserve inviolate our country's name and honor, its peace and good order, and its continued ascendency among the greatest governments on earth."—From William McKinley's letter of acceptance.

LONDON.

For weeks past the political and journalistic gossips of France have been endeavoring to discover some new and hitherto hidden meaning in the European tour of the Czar and Czarina. They insist upon it that the presence of the Czar in Paris is the outward and visible sign of a definite alliance between France and Russia. The imperial visits to Vienna and Breslau they look upon as mere affairs of ceremony; to Balmoral, as a matter of purely domestic interest. No one has forgotten the feverish eagerness with which, during the reign of Alexander III., they sought again and again for some positive irrefragable proof of the existence of a Franco-Russian alliance. But even in the delirium of Cronstadt and Toulon they were unable to fix it. And so now they are busily searching for some indication that the Czar's visit will have some definable results, and that the friendship between Russian autocracy and French republicanism is about to receive its final consecration. England meanwhile is facing the prospect pretty coolly. No one believes here that the imperial tour is inspired by anything more important than a desire for a holiday. The Queen, as usual at this time of the year, is at Balmoral, and there arrangements have been made for giving the Czar and his wife—who is a granddaughter of her Majesty—a pleasant and not too exciting time. The Prince of Wales, Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Balfour will be the guests of the Queen during the Czar's visit, and from time to time other prominent public men will be invited.

At the same time it is thought that as the Czar is here, it might be as well to find out his views on the Eastern question, which seems suddenly to have reached an acute stage. "Seems," I say, for no sane man would dare to dogmatize on the possible results of England's present uprising. That we shall hear a good deal about "the national conscience being awakened" may be taken as a matter of course; and that the Sultan will be spoken of with perfect frankness at the great meetings that are everywhere being organized is equally certain. England has all along been willing to interfere on behalf of the Armenians, with the agreement of the other powers. To do as Canon McColl and his fanatical followers have urged her to do, to take on her own shoulders the responsibility of deposing the Sultan, with its inevitable consequences, would have been suicidal had it been possible. With Germany in opposition and Russia lukewarm it was impossible. Therefore, unless the Czar abandons Prince Lobanoff's policy and comes openly over to the English side, the present excitement is likely to die away. The English are opposed on principle to the sentimental in politics, and the average man gets tired of hearing Turkey abused. It was so during the Bulgarian atrocities, and this time it is no question, as it was then, of a really national upheaval. Directly it became evident that Russia would use England's emotionalism to her own ends, the enthusiasm quickly subsided. To-day the issue is with the Czar; he holds the destinies of a whole nation in the hollow of his hand. It is just possible that England's display of vigor under his very eyes may urge him to hasten his decision. S. B.

PARIS.

The greatest excitement reigns throughout France owing to the approaching visit of the Czar and Czarina of Russia, who will arrive at Cherbourg, after their visit to the Queen of England, on October 5, and enter Paris October 6. There is no doubt that it will be given to no one more than once in a lifetime to see a grander, madder sight than the French capital will at that time present. It is impossible to exaggerate the frenzy of which a French crowd is capable, and ever since the signing of the treaty with Russia, which removed from the French nation the weight of dread and powerlessness under which it bent, the enthusiasm for everything Russian has amounted almost to a craze. The Czar and Czarina will enter Paris by the avenues de Neuilly, de la Grande Armée, and the Champs Élyseés, passing under the Arc de Triomphe, whose barriers will be removed for that occasion. There is a question at the present moment of parcelling out a part of the road along which the sovereigns will pass, and of giving to each department of France a certain portion of ground along the line, to be decorated by the products of the province which it represents, and to be occupied by groups of people dressed in the national costume of said department. In this way the *Normands, Bretons, Landais, Basques, Auvergnats*, etc., will all be represented, and the effect will be picturesque in the extreme. These groups will be placed at certain distances, so as to be seen to greater advantage, and will be marked by mast-heads standing at each end bearing the coat of arms of the principal towns of the department represented. The Russian sovereigns will remain five days, one day being consecrated to a visit to Versailles. The entire programme of the *fêtes* has not yet been decided, but a gala performance at the opera will occupy one evening. F. F.

VIENNA.

The mint at Vienna, Austria, is now coining, day and night, a large number of talaris, or silver coins, which are shipped to Suakim and Massowah, to be used there for the payment of the Anglo-Indian troops and the ransom of the Italian prisoners. The Orientals are thus giving to American Popocrats a good lesson in consistency. They have ever considered in eastern Africa the silver talari as the standard coin, and they stick to it. Moreover, they do not want any other talaris but those which, for more than a century, have been furnished by the "Imperial Royal Apostolic" mint at Vienna, which has the monopoly to furnish the silver money to the countries of the Orient and Africa. That money is the famous "Queen's talari." It bears the effigy of Maria Theresa, the great Empress-Queen, and it bears also the invariable "millésime" or date of 1780. It is a coin very well stamped, of fine make, about as large as a silver dollar, though not so heavy. They are bought for fifty cents each at the mint by the contractors, who pass them for their face value at Massowah to the Abyssinians, and to the Anglo-Indian soldiers at Suakim. But the coin must be absolutely of the same type and alloy as of old, or it will be refused by the people, and stern punishment may await those who try to put it in circulation. Some forty years ago the Negus of Abyssinia, Theodorus, having defeated and captured Hassan Pasha, together with many officers and soldiers of the Egyptian army of invasion, consented to liberate them for a ransom, which was to be paid, according to a special clause of the convention, in Queen's talaris bearing the millésime 1780. The Khedive, Ismaïl Pasha, intrusted to the mint of Vienna the coinage of the silver money required by Theodorus. But he ordered that a slight diminution should be made in the "titre" of the talaris. This deceit was perceived by the Negus, who himself examined the coin before accepting it. In his frenzy of anger he caused twelve Egyptian prisoners to be beheaded in the presence of the envoys of Ismaïl, who had to send the ransom of his son Hassan and of his captured army in talaris, Maria Theresa 1780, exactly conforming with the traditional type accepted in African countries. F. A.

CHICAGO.

Politics is full of surprises, and the turn of the kaleidoscope has made it necessary to modify a statement recently made in these columns on the subject of the abolition of township government in Cook County. It is no longer certain that the question will be voted upon this fall, for the reason that the County Commissioners have reversed their previous action, and withdrawn the notice to electors that was posted a short time ago. This withdrawal was made upon the flimsy pretext that the fifty thousand odd signatures to the petition ought to be verified, and probably means that they will not be verified in time to give the required legal notice of the proposition. It amounts very nearly to an open defiance of the law, which is mandatory, providing that the question shall be submitted to vote whenever a certain number of citizens demand it. If the tactics of the opposition should prove successful, a few office-holders will save their skins for a time, but the day of reckoning is not likely to be delayed for more than a year. The reform that seems to have suffered temporary defeat is one of imperative importance, and there is an almost complete consensus of intelligent opinion in its favor.

Reports on the subject of campaign bettors are becoming more and more numerous, and they indicate a very general reluctance on the part of the Bryan shouters to back up their predictions with good gold-standard dollars. The Chicago *Tribune* has collected information on this subject from correspondents in some thirty of the States, and the result offers some interesting reading. The odds are generally in favor of McKinley, although in a few sections the betting is reported as about even, while the result of the election in Arkansas has encouraged an occasional wild-eyed enthusiast in the South or West to offer odds for free silver and repudiation. There are the usual number of freakish bets of the wheelbarrow sort, and the days following the election will bring their contribution to the gayety of the victors. In Wisconsin two men have mutually agreed that the one whose candidate is defeated shall leave the country before the close of the year, never to return. One cannot help wishing that the fashion of this wager might prove popular. Suppose that every free-silver advocate were thus paired off with a supporter of sound money, and the wagers all kept, what a feeling of relief we should have as the last ship-load of saddened Popocrats disappeared below the horizon!

The plans made by Mr. Henry Ives Cobb for the new Post-office in Chicago promise a building that will combine novelty with strikingly beautiful architectural effect. The site of the building is an entire city block, and the problem was to design an eight-story structure that should not present a squatty appearance when surrounded, as it will be, by office buildings, many of which soar to a far greater height. Mr. Cobb has met the difficulty by designing a two-story building that covers the entire area of the site, and surmounting this by a six-story cruciform structure, above which rises a central dome. In black and white, as the design is now made public, the effect is very fine, and it would seem to present an almost ideal arrangement so far as lighting and the other practical considerations are concerned. Whether the building can be put up with the government appropriation of four millions is another matter, and a very questionable one. With Mr. Cobb cost is usually a secondary consideration. When he plans a large undertaking of this sort he has a sublime confidence that the means for carrying it out will somehow be provided. But the mere suggestion of so noble a building for such a purpose is inspiring, for it makes us hope that the term "government architecture" will not always remain what it now is—a synonym for all that is clumsy and hideous. W. M. P.

BOSTON.

To appreciate the significance of the vote in Maine last week it should be remembered that the largest majority ever obtained before in that State for the Republican candidate in a Presidential year was 19,815, and the ordinary Republican majority is about 12,000. The majority this year is 50,000. This result, though it has but a slight bearing upon the vote in the free-silver States in the West, may at least be taken as indicating that in the country at large there is no undercurrent of public opinion setting toward free silver. Maine, it will be remembered, once elected a Greenback Governor, and for that reason its present condemnation of the cheap-money fallacy is the more encouraging.

No valid objection can be made to the frank announcement of any citizen that he is a candidate for public office. It is much better that he should take this course rather than to "put himself in the hands of his friends," or adopt any of the other cheap subterfuges by which public office is often sought. In England candidates for such responsible positions as the head mastership of a great school are expected to apply directly for the position, and to send in their testimonials. This a man can do without loss of self-respect. But there is a vast difference between such a course and that of electioneering for one's self. A person who seeks the Republican nomination as Lieutenant-Governor in Massachusetts this autumn has already established, at his own expense, two "head-quarters"—if the solecism may be allowed—one in Boston and one in Worcester, for the purpose of working up a sentiment in his own favor. This is not an isolated case; the occurrence is so frequent that it hardly excites a comment.

The Democratic caucuses held in Massachusetts last week indicate that the free-silver men are in the ascendant. They failed, however, to defeat the "regular" nominees in the city of Boston. The Boston Democrats are largely under the control of Mr. P. Maguire, a gentleman who cares not to hold office himself, but who plays in the city politics of Boston very much the same part that Mr. Platt plays in the State of New York. Mr. George Fred Williams and his adherents attempted to defeat Mr. Maguire in the recent caucuses. They failed to do this, but all the same the Maguire influence will be thrown in favor of Mr. Williams if he obtains the "regular" nomination for Governor, as undoubtedly he will. This is a strange condition of affairs, but it is explained by that passion for "regularity" which prevails among Democrats, and especially among Irish Democrats—a passion, by-the-way, which has its good as well as its bad side. H. C. M.

PHILADELPHIA.

For some time past unremitting efforts have been made by leading State and local politicians, from the junior United States Senator down, to secure the pardon of John Bardsley, the ex-City Treasurer of Philadelphia, who in 1890 pleaded guilty to seventeen separate indictments, charging him with malfeasance in office, breach of trust, and embezzlement of public funds. He was sentenced for seventeen years. Since then he has persistently, one might almost say contumaciously, refused to give any information, in the various suits growing out of his criminal transactions, which might lead those engaged in straightening out his own and the city's affairs to find out where the money embezzled went to. This has not prevented his friends, however, from urging his pardon on the ground that he had been punished sufficiently; although of late they have changed their plea, and now assert that further incarceration means death. The Board of Pardons in August recommended his release, and the matter now rests with the Governor. While it has been rumored that Bardsley would be liberated upon the inauguration of a Republican Governor, it is to be said to the Governor's credit that he has hesitated thus far to take any such action; but his pardon of Bardsley at this time would tend to confirm the rumors that the pardon had been agreed upon as a reward for Bardsley's silence and his fidelity to influential men who were mixed up in his defalcations; and further, it would tend to diminish the salutary awe of the punitive powers of the State which holds criminals in check. The Municipal League of Philadelphia has suggested that if Bardsley's health is endangered by further confinement, the fact should be established by competent medical authorities. C. R. W.

Opinions differ widely as to whether the whipping-post should be an instrument of punishment recognized by our laws. The experience of Maryland, however, since 1882, when the State Legislature prescribed public whipping by the sheriff as the legal penalty for wife-beating, seems to indicate that the form of punishment in question is an effective deterrent in the case of at least one class of offenders. At Elkton, Maryland, recently, a wife-beater received ten lashes from the cat-o'-nine-tails, but this was the first whipping in the county and the second in the State since the law of 1882 was passed. Public whippings were frequent in the early history of Maryland as a punishment for thieving, under a law which was repealed in 1809 so far as it referred to free persons. Slaves continued to be whipped for certain offences until 1864, when the constitutional convention abolished the whole law relating to whipping. The present law prescribes that not more than forty lashes shall be administered. It is perhaps significant of the effect which the punishment had upon the wife-beater at Elkton that the only wish he is said to have expressed with regard to the whipping was that no one should be allowed to take a picture of him while he was undergoing punishment. Delaware's experience with the whipping-post is well known, and in that State the pillory as a companion of the cat-o'-nine-tails is not infrequently employed. F. C. W.

NEW ORLEANS.

Ever since Tulane University met with so much success in the excavation of the Catahoula Mounds for the purpose of finding something about the aboriginal mound-builders of the Louisiana swamps there has been a perfect craze for excavations throughout the State. Half the farmers seem to have gone out in their fields at random and dug away for bones and fossils, with the result of finding them in abundance—sharks, various kinds of extinct whales, pterodactyls, and other relics of the palæozoic age. Such has been the activity in this line that there is likely to be a glut of fossils for the museums.

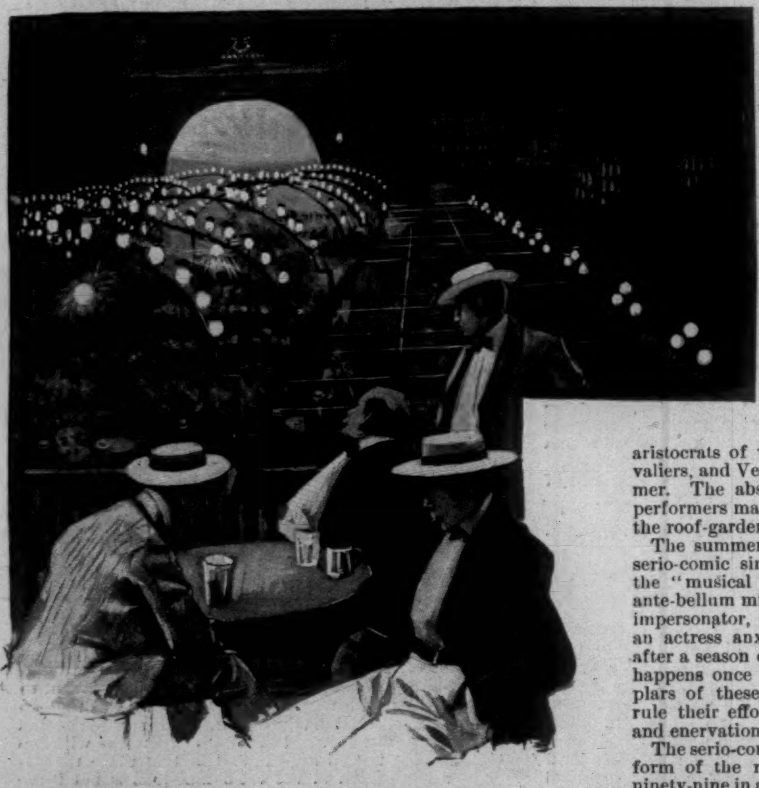
Up in Alabama, not far from Birmingham, is a negro colony unique in the South. Its post-office address is Vance, and the colony is settled on the former plantation of Marion Banks, a slave-owner of old days, who left his land to his negroes when he died. There were eleven heads of families among the negroes at the time, and each got a farm of 209 acres, but they have preferred to live together in community, working together and helping each other when it was necessary. The settlement has been a prosperous one, and is now self-supporting, and has over 300 members, nearly all of the pure African type. But what the negroes want more than anything else are better school facilities, for they are beginning to appreciate the fact that only with education can they "keep up with the procession"; and they are now going to work to add the necessary school, and thus secure educational advance as well as material prosperity. There are dozens of negro settlements in the South, but this is perhaps the only one which has been thoroughly successful without the advice, assistance, or guidance of white men, and where the principle of co-operation, believed to be so difficult in the negro, has been carried out thoroughly.

Behind the bank panic which prevailed in New Orleans recently—the worst ever known here—is one of the most novel and up-to-date romances of crime. The panic which wrecked four banks, three of them national ones, resulted from the robbery of the Union National, and the loss of confidence caused by the discovery that the bank—a supposedly model institution—had been robbed of every available cent it possessed. The robbing was done on entirely new lines, and, in order to be up with the times, by a syndicate organized and conducted on strictly business principles. This syndicate was composed of seven members, five on the outside, and two inside the bank. The latter were petty clerks, who never touched a dollar of the bank's money, and were apparently powerless, but who, none the less, were able to help the syndicate to some $592,000, and would have got more but for the hard times. The story of this syndicate of seven thieves, of the high old times they had, of their speculations and their extravagance, and the introduction of business principles and partnership agreement into robbery, will make a fine story for the novelist or dramatist when it is all told, for the robbers were men of social and business standing, with a reputation of high sense of honor. And so the organizer of the bank-robbery syndicate showed by committing suicide the moment the crime was discovered. "It is the only thing a gentleman of the old school could do," said one of the leading experts on this point, a prominent judge on the bench, "and shows what sort of a man the Colonel was. The latter-day embezzler has none of these higher instincts; but hires a lawyer, trusts to bribing a juror, and drags the family name through the mud, instead of ending the case at once by suicide." N. W.

THE ROOF GARDENS OF NEW YORK.

BY HARRY B. SMITH.

FROM the time when young Aristophanes went about Athens beseeching managerial acceptance of his first comedy down to this year of grace the "elevation of the stage" has been the theme of much prattle. In one way New York has accomplished this desideratum. We have "elevated the stage" by placing it on the roofs. The idea is not particularly new. Even when the Babylonian king erected the "hanging gardens" to please his Median wife they were not a novelty, for they had been known in Assyria in the time of Sennacherib. It is interesting to reflect that many of the merry quips and japes that once chased the gloom from the countenance of Nebuchadnezzar may still be heard any summer evening for an extremely reasonable price. When it is considered that in ancient Oriental kingdoms entertainers who failed to entertain were consigned by royal mandate to the torture-chamber, one is constrained to forget the blessings of a republic and to long for antique despotism. A right-minded citizen cannot make a tour of the roof gardens of New York without yearning for a bloodthirsty tyrant of irreproachable taste, who would speedily doom two-thirds of the performers to dungeons hermetically sealed.



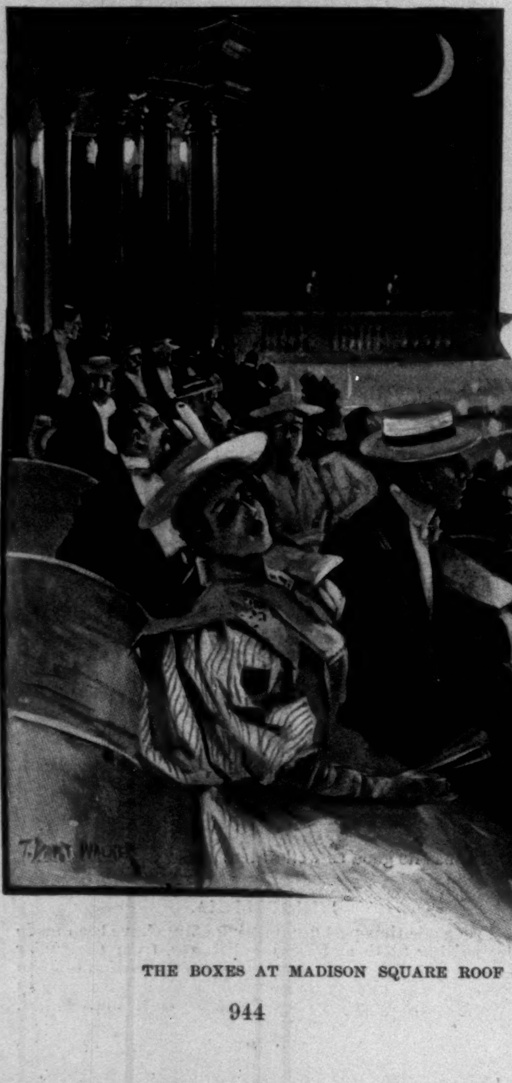
FROM THE UPPER BALCONY AT KOSTER & BIAL'S.

It may be assumed that when Mr. Aronson, former manager of the Casino, hit upon the notion of a vaudeville on a roof, he did not look into the future with prophetic eye; he did not foresee the consequences. A man of artistic temperament, it seemed to him a delightful fancy, that of a bower builded far above the city's dust and heat, swept by cool breezes, wherein up-to-date nectar and ambrosia might be dispensed, where Thalia, Calliope, and Terpsichore might offer their most attractive specialties. The idea is alluring—one of those themes upon which writers of circus advertisements can rhapsodize for many pages. But the dream and the reality are no kin together. An ideal roof garden seems as impracticable in New York as a Greek pastoral at Coney Island. It is to be regretted that such is the case. There are still several people in New York who do not ride their bicycles every evening from May to November, and to these, who perforce remain in town during the warm months, any place of real recreation is a boon of the first magnitude. The people who are obliged to swelter in the city, and who have not had time to learn the noble art of wheeling, are just those who most need relaxation and amusement. These, in sheer desperation, flock to the roof gardens, simply because there are so few resources for them. The theatres are impossible, excepting for those who partake of the nature of the salamander. In some of the Western cities the social function for summer evenings consists of sitting coatless upon the front steps, where games of checkers and euchre dissipate the ennui of the first families, but this Arcadian simplicity has never appealed to "the effete East."

When a summer evening falls, the New York man asks himself: "What shall I do? Whither shall I go? How shall I amuse myself?" If he fail in this self-questioning, his wife, or his daughter, or the stranger within his gates does not allow him to escape the query. The customary reply is a suggestion of roof gardens. It is not that these people love roof gardens much, but that they love idleness and boredom less. They must have some sort of variation of the day's routine of thought and action; yet it is rarely that such a party comes from one of these lofty delusions without vows, mental or expressed, never to go again. It is by no means asserted that there are no diverting features in these entertainments. On the contrary, one frequently meets with specialty performers excellent after their kind. Sometimes extraordinary cleverness is encountered in places where it is least expected. Occasionally the spectator is astonished by the manual dexterity or the mental acuteness of some of the performers; and genius in the rough is not a quantity absolutely unknown. The "little nonsense now and then," which wisdom itself is supposed to relish, is often found in perfection at a variety performance. Hazlitt, in one of his essays, bewails the fact that his own talents are as nothing compared with those of certain Hindoo jugglers, upon whose miracles he has gazed with the childish wonder which mere intellect gives to physical adroitness. In like manner the financier and the statesman — who are the same nowadays—may marvel at the girl who, standing on her head, fiddles "Home, Sweet Home"; or they may "look at each other with a wild surmise" when the head-to-head balancers saunter about the stage, the upper gentleman, heels in air, playing a duet for mandolin and guitar. But unfortunately jugglery and gymnastics belong to the *winter* variety shows. When the circus season arrives the acrobats perform under canvas, while the aristocrats of vaudeville, the Guilberts, Chevaliers, and Vesta Tilleys do not work in summer. The absence of these two classes of performers materially lowers the character of the roof-garden entertainment.

The summer vaudevilles depend upon the serio-comic singer, the song-and-dance man, the "musical moke," the stump-speaker of ante-bellum minstrelsy, the Irish and German impersonator, with occasionally an actor or an actress anxious to recuperate financially after a season of bad luck "on the road." It happens once in a while that certain exemplars of these types are amusing, but as a rule their efforts are conducive to lassitude and enervation.

The serio-comic singer is the most prevalent form of the roof-garden nuisance. About ninety-nine in a hundred of these persons have no excuse for being on the stage, save that of the Yankee who charged a dollar for two boiled eggs, and justified himself on the ground that he needed the money. Within the last decade there have been a half-dozen serio-comic singers who might have been actresses or vocalists if, like Dr. Johnson's Scotchman, they had been caught young; but these have been exceptional. The others may be classified, in the botanical way, as the "common or garden" variety. The appearance on the stage of the average serio-comic singer brings to the mind of the auditor a vague terror, probably not unlike that with which condemned criminals look upon the electric chair. One feels instinctively that she will be agonizing, but the exact form of torture that she will inflict is for a moment wrapped in dreadful doubt. It is usually a combination of strident voice and insistent vulgarity. There has been much criticism of the *risqué* songs of Yvette Guilbert, but they are rarely comprehended by any one whose moral pendulum can possibly be swayed either way by any amount of Latin Quarter wit. The repertoire and the personality of the typical serio-comic singer are decidedly more meretricious. Compare Guilbert's "La Soularde" with the current popular ditty about one "Reuben" with a scorbutic nose. The former is a character sketch of the highest art; the other is below the dime-museum standard. In the one there is the "new shudder" invented by Baudelaire; in the other are mild nausea and a yearning to migrate. When the serio-comic song is not vulgar, it is merely imbecile. Here is the chorus of a choice vocal morceau heard recently at one of the principal resorts:



THE BOXES AT MADISON SQUARE ROOF GARDEN.

"Sweet little Rosey-posey
All in your Sunday cloesy,
Goodness only knowsey
I love you.
Every breeze that blowsey
Whispers of Rosey-posey.
Love in a cottage is cozy—
A cottage that's built for two."

Somebody thought this so good that it was printed and distributed to the auditors, with the request that "everybody join in." The singer was a bright and good-looking young woman, advertised upon the programme as "The Kentucky Thoroughbred." She appeared to be intelligent enough to know what her audience wanted. Can it be that an American audience really *does* want this sort of thing? If it is so, is there not more truth in Herr Nordau's theories than we have given him credit for? The specialty, or "turn," of the serio-comic singer consists of three songs. She begins with a waltz descriptive of somebody's sweetheart who lives in a locality closely watched by the Board of Health. "Paradise Alley," a good song of its genus, inaugurated the craze for this sort of waltz ballad, in which beauty, fidelity, and bad neighborhood are the ingredients. She next sings a pathetic selection, usually about "mother," but sometimes dealing with other relatives who are absent and fondly dear. There has recently sprung into popularity a song in which several near relatives are brought together in a sentimental olla podrida. The story is that of a waitress in a restaurant, who, on being addressed with too much freedom by a thoughtless young man, rebukes him thus:

"My mothaw wuz a ladee
Like yours, ez you'll allaow,
And you may have a sistaw
That needs pertection naow.
I've came to this great citee
Ter find a brothaw de-ar,
And you would not dare insult me
If Jack wuz only he-ar."

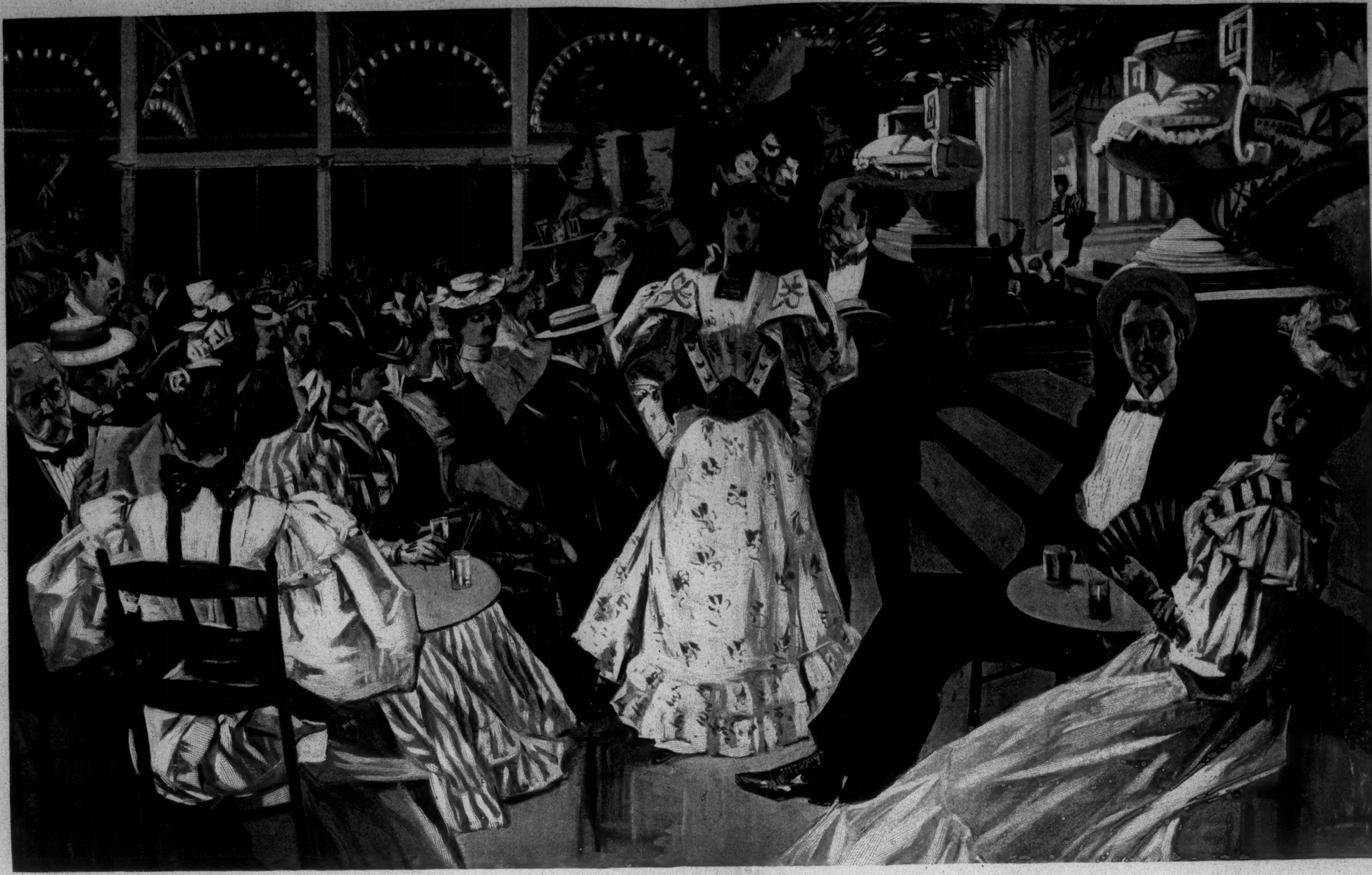
The two great perils which confront the American people to-day are the silver craze and the "common or garden" serio-comic singer.

The Irish and German comedians are often droll, though their specialties are conventional, and have been seen, with slight variations, for many years. Two Teutonic brethren who recently appeared on the Thirty-fourth Street roof were particularly amusing. Another conspicuous figure is the song-and-dance man, who differs in methods from his prototypes of ten years ago, although his repertoire of jokes is nearly identical.

The old-fashioned song-and-dance men travelled in couples, known as "teams." They sang little, but danced with neatness and precision. The song-and-dance man who has been epidemic on the roof gardens is a solitaire performer who dances little but sings more, and, what is worse, writes his own songs. One lively specimen of the family electrified an audience last week by announcing that he would sing a sweet little ballad entitled "Breaking Eggs in Papa's Cocoa." At long intervals and in homœopathic doses some song-and-dance men are funny in their curb-stone and bar-room talk; but more frequently their humor curdles the milk of human kindness, while a voice whispers temptingly, "Arise and slay him." For example, A makes a statement.

B: "Is that so (sew)?"
A: "No, it's stitched."
B: "I thought it was basted." (Hits A.)
Or this:
A (to orchestra leader): "Give me C."
B (after a chord): "That C shakes."
A: "Better than seeing snakes."
B: "What key is that—I-key?"

When silence settles grimly upon an audience after dialogue like this, the song-and-dance man jauntily tells his victims to "think it over, boys"; then, after a "Saw wood, Bill," to the leader, he plunges into an exhilarating ditty, such as "Strolling with Blanche in the Rain." It may be thought that the above quotations are fictitious, but they are guaranteed to be genuine. The "musical mokes" are always a feature of the summer variety show, and they sometimes display considerable ingenuity in extracting more or less maddening strains from unpromising material. Generally, however, their specialties are archaic—the same old banjo, the same old xylophone, the sleigh-bells, and all the rest of the well-known paraphernalia. One of the best of the entertainments offered this summer has been that given at the house where the original New York roof garden was established. Several of



THE ROOF GARDENS OF NEW YORK CITY—UNDER THE GLASS ROOF OF THE OLYMPIA.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.

the specialties offered here were very clever. At this resort Jennie Yeamans and Pearl Andrews divided the honors. The former has an impromptu monologue with a good deal of sharp wit. Miss Andrews gives excellent imitations of well-known players. Her reproduction of Ada Rehan is remarkably vivid. In the dress and facial make-up of a Hebraic second-hand clothes-dealer she imitates Frank Bush, the variety favorite, and she concludes with a lifelike copy of Albert Chevalier, really wonderful in its way, when it is considered that this attractive young woman puts on the mask of wrinkles and the workingman's dress in which the coster singer warbles whiningly of his "old Dutch." This Miss Andrews has unique talent. Another clever performer at this same garden is Lily Wren, a young girl who has the intelligence to grasp the humor of M. Woolf's drawings of slum children, as well as the ability to reproduce it on the stage.

The most pretentious roof garden in New York is that recently established in the handsome building which adorns Broadway between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth streets. In this elaborate institution the imaginative proprietor has allowed his inventive genius to riot untrammelled. There is a glass roof, over which water purls constantly. The cooling effect upon the glass cannot be disputed, but whether the visitor experiences any benefit therefrom has been questioned by local scientists. At all events, it prevents an exodus of patrons in the event of rain. Here the decorations are more sumptuous than in the simpler Arcadian bowers of Thirty-fourth and Thirty-ninth streets. There are pocket grottos, duodecimo arbors, and mountain crags towering to a height of at least ten feet. The place has all the wild picturesqueness of a toy village. Here the wearied eye of the summer sufferer in Gotham may rest with a refreshing sensation upon the cooling spectacle of a monkey, several swans in one pool of real water, and several ducks in another.

The proprietor of this resort is an extraordinary man. He can do almost anything, from inventing a cigarette-rolling machine to composing a ballet spectacle. He it was who imported Yvette Guilbert as the opening attraction of his great variety hall. He spares no money to give a good specialty performance, and his enterprise deserves success. Unhappily, however, there is but one Guilbert, and in the whole world there are not half a dozen performers worthy of being mentioned on the same day with the French speaker of songs. The impresario of Olympia tried to follow her with Fregoli, and with characteristic zeal advertised that Italian change artiste. It may be remarked in passing that the enormous salaries given these variety performers are always exploited by the managerial press agent. If salaries such as are advertised were ever really paid, there would be even more managers who would appeal to the public for charity in the form of testimonials. Fregoli is not one of Mr. Hammerstein's black swans, but one of his lame ducks. Of the thousands who have seen this new Proteus comparatively few have been really entertained. His chatter is interminable, and wofully monotonous, while in his monologue sketches, in which he assumes different characters by a change of coat or wig, he never once produces an illusion. Disguised as different composers, he leads the orchestra, but, with the exception of his counterfeit presentment of Verdi, he bears little resemblance to the originals. He was advertised as "Melba, Scalchi, De Reszké, and Plançon in one." As a matter of fact, he has a moderate barytone voice, and he sings falsetto tolerably well. As an attraction in a variety performance Fregoli is worthy of a good place, but as a sensation designed to follow a sensation he cannot be called a success. I speak of Fregoli to this extent for the reason that his long engagement here illustrates the difficulty in which the competing vaudeville managers are going to find themselves. The really great attractions for variety entertainments are very scarce, and no amount of money can create them. Even the performers of the second rank are not easily found and engaged, and they present but little novelty. France has already sent us her star artiste; London has sent her best man in Chevalier; Italy's best attraction of the kind is said to be Fregoli. The supply will soon be exhausted. Even now a roof-garden entertainment, as a rule, contains two or three features that please, and these are mingled with a great deal of matter which is unworthy of a metropolitan public. The more roof gardens there are, the worse the bills will be, for the clever performers do not increase in numbers. Managers try to recruit their forces from the ranks of actors and actresses, but the result is not altogether satisfactory to audiences. The fact is that actors are rarely successful entertainers. Play they their parts never so wisely, when they come to depend upon their own mimetic, vocal, or humorous abilities they are apt to be rather pitiful spectacles. Some of these transplanted players essay one-act sketches or farces, which, however much they may improve the artistic tone of a performance, do not seem to be what the public wishes. Two players have been giving, at one of the gardens, a sketch burlesquing the methods of a playwright who trains actresses, and who recently figured notoriously in a lawsuit of a peculiar nature. The sketch was ludicrous, but it did not seem to go, though it was in sufficiently bad taste.

It has been stated that the roof gardens have not attracted large patronage this summer. Some of them, however, have drawn crowds, with variation only dependent upon unfavorable weather. Yet the average citizen confesses that he hates himself for being a patron of a performance which for the greater part of the evening merely wearies him. There is a very large class of New-Yorkers to whom theatrical managers should cater, and to whom they could appeal with profit to themselves. It is a pity, therefore, that agreeable entertainments cannot be provided at these establishments, upon which the city-bound Gothamite is so dependent. Almost invariably there are features in the performance which are worse than *risqué*, merely so coarse and common that a liberal-minded citizen who has brought his family to be diverted cannot help feeling uncomfortable. At one of the principal gardens, not long ago, a young woman, who has been freely advertised, exhibited herself in a sketch entitled "Ten Minutes in the Latin Quarter; a Study of the Nude." The audience showed by grim silence its disapproval of the affair, and the courts were appealed to to suppress it. Early in the season, among the principal features of the roof-garden bills were the so-called "Trilby dancers," young women who cavorted ungracefully without shoes or stockings. This performance was supposed to suggest the reckless abandon of the Mabille, but it was simply silly and unpleasant. There have been also liberal doses of superannuated French café-chantant artistes, whose songs, dances, and pantomime were sufficient to turn roués into anchorites.

The performance itself is not the only drawback to the roof gardens. They are accessible by means of elevators, which, although in some cases as large and numerous as practicable, are generally over-crowded, and a source of tedious waiting to both the coming and the departing guest. Two or three of the gardens are moderately cool and comfortable, but only for those who come early enough to secure the best places. One conspicuous garden has around it a high wall, which effectually shuts out any breeze that may happen to blow. The vaunted coolness is in no case that which the heraldings lead one to expect, and in the reserved seats it is generally as warm as in a theatre. The closeness of the crowd, the many lights, the walls and surrounding shrubbery, add to the heat and discomfort, while the reek of the worst tobaccos known to the trade contributes its terrors.

The refreshments of the roof garden are another of the delusions of the institution. The crowds drink everything, from lemonade to absinthe, and the quality of the liquors ranges from moderate to very bad. Naturally there are few complaints. One does not go to a roof garden thinking to get a well-made beverage of any kind. The drink is incidental, and if it be very bad, only the expected has happened. The beer is invariably drawn by experts chosen for their skill in putting the maximum of froth upon the minimum of liquid. It is concealed in stone mugs, so one does not realize how little he is getting till he takes one sip and finds his tankard empty. Of course no one is going to play Oliver Twist under the circumstances. Everybody grumbles about the refreshments at a roof garden, but nobody makes complaint to an authority; it seems too small a matter. In spite of the poor quality and the small quantity, the largest possible price is extorted. At a hotel one can get a good lemonade and a glass of good beer for twenty-five cents. At a roof garden one sometimes pays twenty-five cents for the lemonade and twenty cents for the beer, with a tip to the waiter. This makes the liquor business highly remunerative to the proprietors—or perhaps it is only the waiters who profit. It has been noticed that there is no regular tariff; the waiter names his own price, after taking the measure of your means and good-nature; and if you tip him for your first order, the price of the same drinkables shrinks when the second instalment comes. It is probable that the roof gardens are doing excellent work in the cause of temperance, as poor liquors at high prices are not likely to make converts to the service of the Rum Fiend.

The roof garden *per se* is a capital idea. The question is, what can be done to improve it as a factor in the theatrical life of the metropolis? Was it not a mistake for the managers of the eight or nine establishments to compete in precisely the same lines? All were trying to give a variety show, and there was not enough first-class talent to go around. The consequence was that a few good features, interspersed with many poor ones, were found in each programme. There are many who do not go to a roof garden for the reason that their tastes do not incline to a variety show. Would it not be better for all classes if some of the gardens would try good music instead of bad vaudeville? It is quite true that Mr. Seidl's orchestra made a failure as a summer attraction at the Metropolitan Opera-house, but this does not prove that people would not welcome the same orchestra at a roof garden, and recent concerts at the Madison Square Garden were very largely attended. Certainly there is a sufficient clientage while Victor Herbert's band and Sousa's musical forces would attract those of more popular musical taste. With three of the gardens given up to music, there would be less demand for variety talent, and those gardens adhering to this form of amusement would be enabled to give a better grade of attractions. On Fifty-eighth Street, at Terrace Garden, patronized mainly by Germans, the best and most novel Viennese operettas were given throughout the summer with success and profit. Why should not one roof garden try operetta? Music in the open air is certainly more attractive, even to the unmusical, than trashy and vulgar humor. Of the roof-garden performers heard recently the one who received the greatest number of encores was the veteran cornetist Jules Levy. It may be objected that a cornet is of all legitimate instruments the greatest nuisance. Indeed it is not particularly inspiring; but in the open air it is not bad, and Mr. Levy's success as a roof-garden attraction hints that the public would be glad to have music at some of the resorts, instead of the dreary desert of monotonous nonsense which is offered. Much gratitude and many dollars await the first manager who breaks the bonds of custom and gives a roof-garden entertainment that is clean, original, and meritorious.

THE BATTLE OF BEVERLY FORD.

BY GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, U.S.A.

STUDENTS of the history of the civil war will recall that early in the spring of 1863 the command of the Army of the Potomac was transferred from General Burnside, after the unfortunate defeat at Fredericksburg, to General Hooker. Without entering into the reasons for this change, it is necessary to the understanding of the events which followed to point out the fact that to it was due the transformation of the cavalry arm of the service, and the strengthening of the organization of cavalry to such extent as to make victory by it possible.

In the early organization of the Army of the Potomac the cavalry arm and the part it was to take in the war had been underrated. While the country was rich in horses and men trained as horsemen, but little advantage was taken, especially in the North, of these facts to organize a large mounted force. Worse than this, the cavalry that was created was scattered through the army by troops, squadrons, and regiments, and did duty as orderlies, messengers, and small scouting parties. The Confederacy managed better, assembling their mounted troops in great force under Stuart, the Lees, and others, so that it could raid around our infantry without fear of punishment, and set at defiance our scattered and badly organized cavalry.

On the assumption of the command of the army by General Hooker, all this was changed, and from the day of its reorganization under him the Union cavalry of the Army of the Potomac commenced a new life. Before that time, in its emasculated condition, it had become so accustomed to meet and to be overpowered by superior numbers that it is to be feared that at times in battle it took the numbers for granted, and left the field to inferior foes. In its new concentration it feared no enemy of any arm of the service; for now, while it could contend always successfully with the enemy's cavalry, it was sufficiently strong and confident of its powers to make a stubborn fight and a dignified retreat even in the face of an army.

This confidence was felt throughout the cavalry of the army. The success at Beverly Ford confirmed it; and although after that battle, during the war, the cavalry was at times sadly reduced in numbers and sorely tried, the courage born of a perfect confidence in its capacity, and of the able leadership of Sheridan and his generals, never deserted it, and victory crowned its efforts throughout subsequent campaigns, and finally at Appomattox perched forever on its standards.

The battle of Beverly Ford was a cavalry affair, and was fought on the 9th of June, 1863. The Confederates afterwards spoke of it as the "surprise." The orders for the movement were issued to the Union cavalry late on the 8th, the command being directed to be saddled and in readiness to move by daybreak the following morning. It was generally known, at least to the officers, that an attack of the rebel cavalry on the further side of the Rappahannock was the object. Buford's division—the First—consisting of three brigades, with two batteries of artillery, constituted the command that crossed the river at Beverly Ford. Gregg's division advanced to meet the enemy by way of Kelly's Ford, some miles below.

In this paper it is purposed to give mainly an account of the part taken in the battle by one regiment—the Second United States Cavalry.

The leading brigade of Buford's division was commanded by Colonel B. F. Davis, Eighth New York Cavalry, a captain of the First United States Cavalry, who was a native of a Southern State, and who, like Buford, who was a Kentuckian, had remained loyal to the flag under which he had received his education at West Point and his commission as an officer.

It was only the work of a few moments (though minutes seem long under such conditions) to cross from the peaceful hither side of the Rappahannock to where the over-confident and lately augmented horsemen of the Southern cavalry were making hasty preparations to meet us. And while we crossed and ascended the opposite bank, the first news of the battle borne on the wings of the morning reached us. The battle was hotly joined, and Davis had fallen mortally wounded. He was dearly beloved throughout the command, and many a veteran of the old First and Second Dragoons drew his chin grimly to his breast and with clinched teeth awaited the shock of battle, determined to do his share in avenging the death of this hero. Nor had we long to wait.

As soon as the Second was fairly in the field, it was directed to move with the Sixth Pennsylvania and support it in a charge; but while executing this order the regiment was recalled for an emergency, while two squadrons, one under Canfield and one under Rodenbough, were detached to the front. From this on (it was about five in the morning) the fighting for the regiment commenced, and was kept up almost continuously for about twelve hours.

Soon after being detached, while gallantly leading his squadron, Captain Canfield fell dead, pierced by a bullet. He was a brave and accomplished soldier, and a favorite with every one.

Rodenbough's squadron, which was detached at the same time with Canfield's, was soon engaged, the enemy fighting in strong force. Rodenbough slowly withdrew, together with the rest of the line. Presently, under orders, he dismounted his men and took position behind a stone wall, and defended it against all attacks, until his command was relieved by Loeser's squadron. During ten minutes in this part of the field Rodenbough had his own horse shot in four places; his lieutenants, Wells and Quirk, each had a horse killed, and ten or more horses in the squadron were killed or disabled. During this time and for an hour longer the regiment was subjected to a well-directed artillery fire, and remained in support of the battery of artillery, moving its position from time to time to escape the shells which the enemy was rapidly firing. Finally an order which we all had hoped for came. We were ordered to advance and deal on their own ground with the batteries and sharp-shooters which had wrought such havoc among our men and horses. Right gallantly did the Second advance to this work. The enemy's batteries limbered up and moved off, but the sharp-shooters were all captured in their defences. Soon a halt was ordered for organization of the general line, while the battery commenced to fight for a time an artillery duel with the rebel battery, the Second occupying a position in the valley between the batteries; the shells of each were sent flying in the air over our heads. But this continued for a short time only, when orders were received from General Buford, and the regiment advanced, in conjunction with the Sixth Cavalry. Loeser's squadron was thrown to the front as skirmishers, and the rest of the cavalry followed closely to support him. The advance soon drove in the enemy's skirmishers, and in turn was charged by the enemy's cavalry. Not a moment was to be lost. The Second advanced rapidly in column of platoons, but coming to a fence, was obliged to break by fours, and finally, before the hot work fairly commenced, had further to reduce its front in order to pass a bad ravine thickly hedged with blackthorn shrubs. This was soon accomplished. The advance squadron was being charged by a regiment or more of the enemy, and in less time than it takes to tell of it the Second had passed the ravine, and halting only a moment partially to reform, rode pell-mell at the astonished enemy. For a moment the regiment which had charged our skirmishers halted; the next it had broken and was fleeing, while the horsemen of the Second, mingling with the enemy, dealt sabre-blows and pistol-shots on every side. There was little halting to make prisoners, as friend and foe, mixed inextricably together, rode on in this terrible carnage, each apparently for the same destination. Those who surrendered were directed by a motion to go to the rear (the place from which we had ridden), and those who resisted were sabred or shot, no man turning in his saddle to see how well his work was done, but rushing madly on to engage a new foe. The gallant O'Keefe, aide to General Buford, charged by the side of the commander at the head of the regiment. He had been with us from the time we attacked the batteries in the plain below. We rode for a time boot to boot in the early charge, but separated in the mêlée when the enemy broke and we commenced the use of pistols and sabres. He, noble fellow, was wounded and imprisoned, as the record of the day shows, but his life was spared, to be lost later in his glorious exploits.

Each moment the fight grew fiercer, the dust and smoke and the steam from the heated horses making the air dark and obscuring the vision. The noise of pistol-shots at foes too distant to be reached by the sabre, the clash of steel of combatants engaged in hand-to-hand conflict, the shouts of victor and of vanquished, the neighing of wounded and enraged horses, filled the air and made a very pandemonium of the normally quiet Virginian scene. Rodenbough, who charged with the leading squadron at the head of the regiment, was engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with a stalwart Confederate, who, after slightly wounding the gallant leader of the first squadron, was brought to the ground with a well-directed blow of the sabre. Loeser, after two gallant charges with his skirmishers, was severely wounded. Dewees and Blanchard, his lieutenants, were wounded, and fell into the enemy's hands. Spaulding, the adjutant of the regiment, was seen in the thickest of the fight, his horse killed, and he wounded and on foot, surrounded by enemies, fighting gallantly, and refusing to surrender. And while the officers all did so well, the non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment were not one whit behind. Each rode at his foe and brought him to terms, and then sought for new work.

The charge in its impetuosity carried everything before it. It bore up the hill, across the plateau, and to the crest on the other side. In the valley below, fresh regiments of rebel horse were discovered moving rapidly toward the scene of combat, anxious to strike us while we were in confusion. The men of the Second, admonished by this new peril, obeyed the summons to return to the rallying-ground to form anew to meet the fresh enemy who was advancing.

The regiment was soon formed again and ready for action. It had defeated in its charge and hand-to-hand fight more than double its strength of the enemy, and though it had suffered great losses in officers and men, was soon again in condition to continue its work. The fighting was renewed by the enemy firing with carbines from the thick wood, whereupon the men of the command were dismounted, and, under orders, held that line for the remainder of the battle. During this last affair three officers of the Second—Quirk, Wells, and Lenox—fell badly wounded.

Thus ended one of the severest battles and most laborious days' work participated in by any cavalry command during the war. The day was full of glory for all concerned; but no regiment suffered more severely than the Second, or came out of the combat with more credit. Quite two-thirds of the officers in the regiment were wounded, though some only slightly, and of the men about one-third were killed or wounded.

Battles have their amusing incidents as well as their horrors and more serious aspects. In the charge and consequent mêlée, the captain commanding the Second, seeing a Confederate officer of rank talking excitedly to a man who was confronting him, and supposing he was refusing to surrender, rode up to him, and bringing his sabre to a point, said, "Colonel, you are *my* prisoner." The Confederate, evidently much surprised, replied in language more forcible than elegant, and suddenly brought down his sabre with a crushing blow, aimed at the head of his would-be captor. The blow was caught and parried with the sabre of the Union officer, who at the same time being warned by his lieutenant that they were alone and surrounded, without stopping to recover his hat, which had been knocked from his head by the blow, rode with the lieutenant rapidly down the hill to the rallying-point of his regiment. The captain was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers for this battle—something that could not have happened had he been taken prisoner or killed while stopping to recover his hat.

Another incident, but illustrative of the less pleasant features of a battle, will close this brief account. As Sergeant-Major Delacour was assisting Lieutenant Lennox from under fire, a Confederate horseman rode up and fired at the officer, who remonstrated, saying, "Don't shoot; I am wounded!" With an oath the horseman emptied another barrel of his revolver within a few feet of Lennox's head; when Delacour, pausing, brought up his pistol and fired, and, as the officer tumbled from his horse, coolly replied, "And now *you* are wounded."

MR. BRYAN AS REVEALED BY HIS SPEECHES.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, the so-called Popocratic nominee for President, spent the latter half of August in New York State. He made many speeches. His first speech in the State was at Madison Square Garden, and was popularly described as a "frost." His other speeches in the State were made along the railroad in cities and towns on his way home. They were not "frosts." They were described by some of his supporters as "hot stuff." There was nothing academic or dry in these homeward-bound speeches. The further away from New York that Mr. Bryan got, the more readily he made use of the artifices of the old-time stump-speaker.

In almost the first speech Mr. Bryan made after he started West he promised "summer resorts" for every one if free silver should win. Just before he left the State he told his auditors to vote according to their hearts and not according to their brains. Between these two speeches he sandwiched adroit bits of cheap talk such as no candidate for an exalted office ever used in this country before. He not only set South and West against the East, but he incited workmen to rise against their employers. He not only told farmers that they were oppressed, but practically declared that a rich man was a human enemy. A banker was simply an arch-fiend. It is only when one goes through the speeches that this sprinting candidate for President delivered right at the doors, so to speak, of the metropolis of the country that one realizes the demagogic strain that runs through them all. A study of his words will show that it is no injustice to characterize them in this way.

SOME SPECIMENS OF CLAPTRAP.

Let us quote some bits of pure claptrap. Here is an extract of a speech made on August 28 at a farmers' picnic in Orleans County:

> "And you tell me that it is just to have a system of legislation that takes away from the parent the possibility of educating his children as he would, and he is compensated for it by giving money undeserved into the hands of those who by machination corner the money market and spend the money by buying foreign titles for their daughters?"

Was there ever a more illogical and unjust statement than that? What a fine implication of robbery there is in that extract! The poor are compelled to give "money undeserved" into the hands of the rich to buy foreign titles for American girls. The speech is a direct slap at the Vanderbilt family. They are rich, therefore they are robbers. This foreign-title business seems to worry many persons in this country. It is just possible that the Duchess of Marlborough received a dowry of $5,000,000 from her father. The income from that is, say, $200,000 a year. That sum goes from this country every year to support an English establishment. It is estimated that Americans spend $60,000,000 in going to Europe every year. How insignificant the Marlborough dowry seems when compared to the sum we annually spend in Europe! But what a splendid opportunity it gives for cheap talk! Of course almost none of that Marlborough money itself has gone out of the country. It remains invested in this country, and hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of men get employment thereby. That speech by Bryan might have done credit to Dennis Kearney, but what shall be said when it is made by a candidate for President? One New York morning newspaper spoke truly when it said that no man running for President ever descended so low.

But even suppose that Mr. Vanderbilt did buy a title for his daughter! How is that an argument for the election of Mr. Bryan to the Presidency? How is he going to stop such things when he is President? There can be only one way under any circumstances, and that is by taking away from rich men their possessions. The logical steps would be: Every rich man has robbed some one or he wouldn't be rich. Therefore it is right for the people to rob him. Two wrongs, in these days of the Bryanized moral code, make a right. The fact is, every sensible person knows that the marriages of American girls to foreign noblemen, for whatever reason, have not affected our prosperity as a nation one iota. How has it affected you or me?

Here is the "summer resort" talk made in an address at the Grand Hotel in the Catskills on August 25:

> "We are very glad to be here to greet you, and I am not going to violate the propriety of the occasion by attempting a political speech, except to say this, that all those who are interested in their country's welfare are anxious to have the government so administered that a larger proportion of our people will be able to spend some time each year at summer resorts to obtain strength for the duties of life; and any policy, no matter by whom advocated, that will make life harder for those who toil ought not to expect encouragement from the American people."

Except for the earnest tone of that extract we might be able to pass it off as mere pleasantry. Nevertheless there is a studious effort to stir up envy on the part of "those who toil" toward those who, because they go to summer resorts, do not toil, and, of course, are not useful members of the community.

Listen to this fine sneer, made in Albany on August 25, on the necessity of confidence in business transactions:

> "Our opponents say that all we need is a restoration of confidence. Whenever the confidence man is abroad in the community the man who has the least confidence gets off with the most money, and I am very much afraid that the confidence man is abroad in this campaign, preaching 'have confidence, have confidence, and all will be well.' My friends, confidence must have a basis to rest upon."

Is there anything dignified, broad, thoughtful, wise, in that kind of talk? Does it not belong to the realm of the agitator or the insincere talk of a ward politician?

Look now at a serious misstatement of the policy of his opponents which he made in Syracuse on August 26:

> "In this campaign, for the first time in the history of this government, a great party purposes to surrender the right of self-government and invest in foreign legislative bodies the power to legislate for the people of the United States."

No sane person believes for a moment that any party in this country would dare "purpose" to surrender governmental functions to foreign legislative bodies. Mr. Bryan's friends, doubtless, will say that he said that in an exaggeration of illustration that is permissible on the stump. Such things may be proper for a cheap stump-speaker, but who shall say that it is right for a Presidential candidate to employ such methods of misstatement in appealing to his countrymen?

Here is an extract in the same speech on the same line:

> "If we would despise the foreigner who would attempt or desire to let the United States control his nation, what contempt must foreigners feel for those Americans who are willing to surrender the right to govern themselves?"

I wonder how many of the ministers of the gospel read this reference to the sacred character of their calling:

> "Our opponents, at least some of them, have been appealing to the ministry. I have noticed that some of these advocates of a gold standard have said that the preachers or teachers of religion should favor a gold standard because their salaries were so small that they did not want them reduced.
>
> "Well, now, I am willing to concede everything that is right to our opponents, and I must confess that there is one argument that they might make that would appeal to some ministers, if there were any ministers who were in the business of the ministry merely for the dollars and cents—I say this is one argument, which is an argument that I cannot answer, and I give it to you for all it is worth. A gold standard makes hard times; hard times drives men out of employment; idleness is conducive to crime; therefore a gold standard, by increasing the amount of crime, increases the demand for ministers to put down crime."

The veiled reference to the law of supply and demand in work for the Christian cause, and the cheap insinuations as to the sincerity of those who follow that calling, ought not, it seems to me, to increase the respect for Mr. Bryan on the part of the clergy, or of those who believe in the church as an established institution of modern civilization.

Let us close the claptrap side of this study of the Bryan speeches by this quotation, showing the absolute unfairness toward the rank and file of the Republicans:

> "Every man who profits from the Government's extremities is declaring that the Republican ticket must be elected this year to save the country. These people would not go to the polls and try to elect the Republican party if they thought that that party was going to stop trafficking with syndicates."

UNFAIRNESS TOWARD GOLD-STANDARD MEN.

Listen now to some of Mr. Bryan's attacks on the gold standard in his New York speeches. Here is one on the future programme of the silverites:

> "The Democratic party has begun a war of extermination against the gold standard. We ask no quarter; we give no quarter. We shall prosecute our warfare until there is not an American citizen who dares to advocate the gold standard."

The reference to an American citizen who dares to advocate the gold standard may be simply rhetorical exaggeration, but it is not pleasant to read. He made this remark in his Albany speech, where he quoted a speech once made by John G. Carlisle on the oppression of the masses by those who advocate a gold standard. Mr. Carlisle once said, and no doubt he regrets it now, that all the wars, all the famines, and all the pestilences in the history of the world had inflicted no such suffering as that involved in the programme of these new oppressors of the people. No sane person thinks Mr. Carlisle meant to be taken literally. That is too much. But here comes Mr. Bryan, summing up Mr. Carlisle's words, and solemnly declaring that what Mr. Carlisle said is true literally. Here is what he says:

> "Can you think of all the wars of the past, when you remember from the time that Cain killed Abel until now history has been little more than a record of warfare? Can you remember all those wars, and can you add in one great sum all the misery that these wars have caused?
>
> "And then can you think of the pestilences which have visited the earth and the misery they have brought, and then can you think of the famines that have afflicted mankind from time to time? Can you add into one great sum all the misery caused by these three dread destroyers of the human race, and then think that the consummation of the conspiracy of those who stand upon the gold standard would bring more of misery than all of these?
>
> "Ah, my friends, it is because we believe that that prophecy was true, it is because we believe that no language can overstate the meaning of the infinite disasters that a gold standard means to the human race, it is because we believe it, that no power on earth will prevent the advocates of free coinage from preaching that gospel wherever they can find those to hear it."

It is difficult to regard Mr. Bryan sincere after reading those words.

This extract from his speech in Syracuse shows the man's unfairness toward the gold standard:

> "You can rob this world of gold and put enough silver in the world to make up for the loss of gold, and commerce will go on; but rob this world of its silver, if you will, and try to fill its place with gold, and see how long your system will stand."

In Lyons on the same day he said:

> "Nature does not confine herself to one color alone, and why should we be bound down to one metal?"

In Buffalo on the next day he said:

> "The gold-standard argument is directed to the bank-book of the man who wants to live while others die. . . .
>
> "We propose a financial policy. Our opponents propose nothing. Without daring to defend the gold standard, they preach the doctrine of 'grin and bear it,' and they offer no hope to the human race."

Is it true that the man who has a bank account is heartless and wants others to die (presumably of want) while he lives? Is it true that the gold-standard advocates offer no hope to the human race? Do they not at least offer the hope that when a man lends money he will get back the same kind and the same amount as he lent? Is it true that the men who are prosperous and who believe in common honesty belong outside the human race?

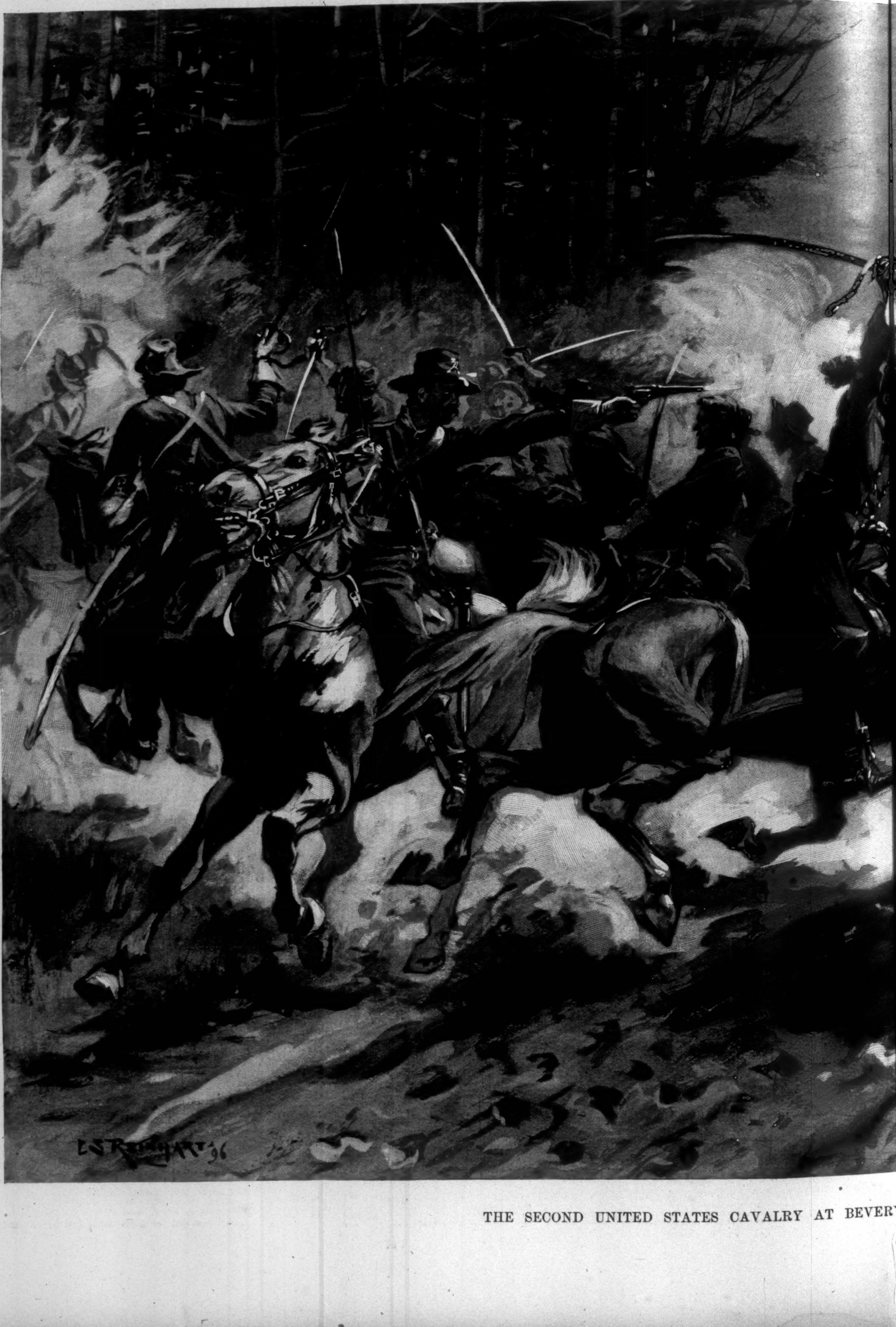
Here are two extracts on the alleged true character of gold. At Jamestown, on August 29, Mr. Bryan said:

> "Gold is a coward. It has ever been a coward; and the reason the advocates of the gold standard are cowards is because their consciences bring them to the realization that they bring ruin to the human race."

Two days later he said:

> "The gold standard never fought an open fight in all its career. It carries the mask of the burglar and the knife of the assassin. When it was fastened upon this country, in 1873, the American people had never discussed it, and no party had even gone before the people urging a single measure that leaned towards a gold standard. Every step has been taken at night, and without the knowledge or consent of the people."

Did Mr. Bryan ever know any money that wasn't cowardly when its safety was in danger? Is silver sixteen times braver than gold when there is danger that it may be lost? What a downright lie—yes, that is the proper word—to say that gold-standard advocates are cowards, and have consciences that tell them they are bringing ruin to the human race! According to Mr. Bryan, no upright men oppose him. Mr. Bryan, you know that is untrue. Stronger characterization is unnecessary. Why do you use such talk and try to inflame the minds of the so-called "masses"? And then, too, why do you repeat that oft-disproved statement that the silver standard was demonetized secretly? You know that the silver dollar had been demonetized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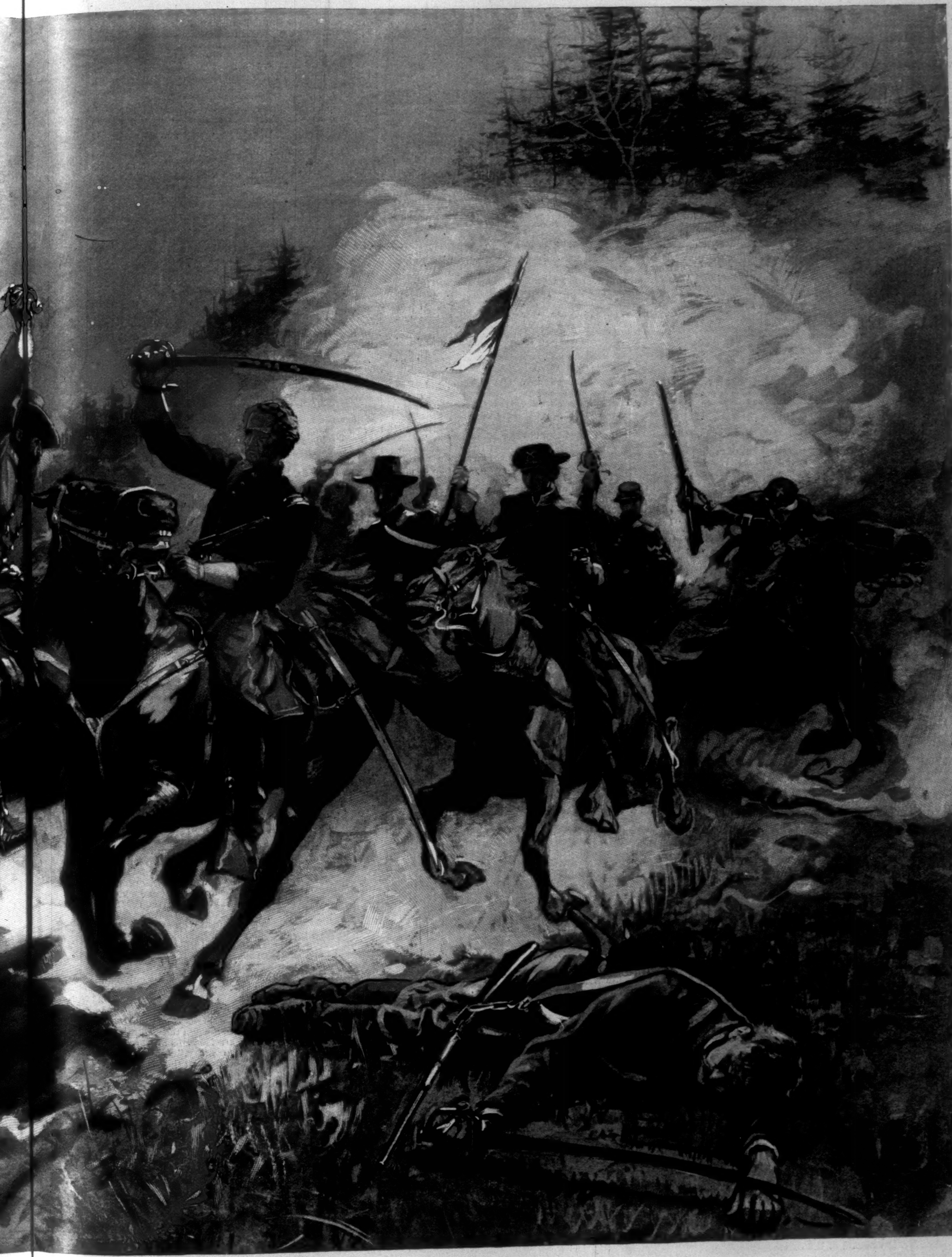
THE SECOND UNITED STATES CAVALRY AT BEVER



VERY FORD.—Drawn by Charles S. Reinhart.—[See Page 946.]

practically for a score of years before 1873, that when the law of 1873 was passed, the silver dollar was formally demonetized so as to make the law actually fit the money situation, and that nobody paid any attention to it seriously. It was not done secretly, Mr. Bryan. Reference to the Congressional Record of that time will show you that.

BANKERS AS PUBLIC ENEMIES.

Read now some of Mr. Bryan's "fair-minded" references to bankers and financiers.

At Syracuse he said:

> "Show me a man who is interested in the stock-exchanges, in the syndicates, and in the other great combinations of money-grabbers in this country and Europe, and I will show you a man who is opposed to the Chicago ticket. . . .
>
> "Whenever one of these Eastern financiers is troubled with sleeplessness, the doctor does not prescribe anything for him, but just says, 'Stop worrying about the laboring-man, and then you can go to sleep.' . . . .
>
> "Suppose there was trouble to-day, either domestic or foreign, where would we find the men to fight our battles? Would we find them among the syndicates and stock-exchanges and combinations of money-grabbers? To whom would they appeal? To you, and they would say, 'O anarchists, save our property!'"

At Buffalo he said:

> "If this government is not greater than the bankers of Wall Street, it is no government at all. If we once concede that we must purchase from them the right to exist, how do we know how much, at least, they may charge us for letting us live? When the Creator made man He did not use any superior kind of mud when He made financiers."

Over in Ohio, at Springfield, just after he left New York, he said:

> "Do you remember when we were young how we used to get on the teeter-board, and when one end of it was up the other was down? It has remained for modern financiers to declare that you can keep both ends of the teeter-board up at once. Assuming to be statesmen, they disregard every law of trade, every law of economics, every law of nature, and every law of God. There is not a law, human or divine, they respect, because they think they are bigger than the government and greater than the Almighty. . . .
>
> "You may go to New York or Boston and find financiers who doubt the greatness of this country and proclaim the necessity for foreign aid. The men who do that know more about Europe than the United States. They go oftener to London than to the great prairies of the West and South. If, because of their more intimate acquaintance with foreigners, they have exaggerated ideas of the necessity of foreign aid, you people who live between the Alleghanies and the golden hills, who are willing to trust your all upon the republic, and rise or fall with it, you have the power and the right to take the reins of government in your own hands and administer the law, not for foreign syndicates, but for the people of the United States."

Who ever said that God used any superior kind of mud in making financiers? What a gross exaggeration! What a colossal untruth to assert that bankers "disregard every law of God"! That is simply rhetorical finish, eh? It is flat-footed perversion of truth, worthy of a dishonest demagogue, that's what it is. And what a serious crime it is for Americans to go to Europe instead of going to the great prairies of the West and South! It is all wrong to go to Europe. Let us stop that traffic. Let us close up our steamship business and stay at home. Let us be "independent of any other nation on earth." Fudge! Mr. Bryan. Why not talk like an intelligent man instead of like a designing ignoramus?

WORKING-MEN! RISE UP!

Listen now to these appeals to working-men to arise against employers. It is the old cry of "Vote 'agin' the boss." The man who employs you is your industrial enemy, at least; don't forget that. Vote against his interests, and thereby advance your own. Make him "give up." You'll get lots of work by voting for a policy that will prevent your employer from making a profit on his goods. Listen to Mr. Bryan.

At Albany he said:

> "As a rule, the men who have spent their time trying to break up labor unions, the only protection the laboring-man has had, these are the men who now come to the laboring-men. I ask you if you are to expect a blessing from those from whom you have only received cursing in the past?"

At Kingston:

> "You have been kind enough to present to us a bouquet bearing the inscription, 'From working-men.' I am glad to speak to working-men; and when I speak to them I do not speak to their employers and ask them to deliver the working-men's votes. I have known cities where employers used object-lessons, where employers have used Mexican dollars to enforce object-lessons. Whenever an employer tells you how to vote, tell him the Declaration of Independence says you are his equal before the law, and your vote cannot be bartered away."

At Syracuse:

> "But if a man in this country assumes the right to think or speak for somebody else, or if he seeks to use his power as an employer to coerce the men who work for him, we stand and oppose him as we would oppose the man who would attempt to establish a monarchy in a democracy. We oppose him, and offer no apology for that opposition."

At Hornellsville:

> "These men, who have now become the great apostles, preaching in the interest of the laboring-men, my friends, these men who stand at the head of the gold crusade, are the men who have prevented the arbitration of difficulties between laborers and their employers. These are the men who, by the formation of great trusts, have stifled completely and driven the small competitors out of business, and then preyed upon society with no one to restrain them or make them afraid."

What comment is needed after one reads such bits of demagogery? Walking-delegate Bryan can give Debs points. Watch the boss, working-men! Remember there are no honest and fair-minded employers of labor in this country.

THE "COMMON PEOPLE."

Let us now consider some of Mr. Bryan's references to the "common people" and the masses. I have been surprised that some man of the calibre of Benjamin Harrison or William McKinley or E. J. Phelps or Thomas B. Reed or Carl Schurz has not rebuked the Boy Orator for his impudence in assuming to speak for the "plain people." According to Bryan, everybody who believes in free coinage belongs to the "plain people." All the rest are oppressors. It is little short of an outrage to allow any man to go prancing about the country presuming to speak for the "common people." Who appointed him spokesman for the "common people"? Again, he assumes that there are no honest toilers in favor of the gold standard. Benjamin Harrison, kindly take this young man across your knee, and afterward tell him something about the plain people! It is a task not beneath your dignity. You will do a distinct public service.

Here is what Mr. Bryan said of the common people at Tonawanda, on August 28:

> "The great common people do not need any particular class to tell them what they shall do. They can think for themselves, and I trust that when November comes they will act for themselves."

Listen to him now at the big farmers' picnic:

> "My friends, the issue to-day is an issue between the idle holders of idle money and the struggling masses who produce the wealth and the taxes of the country. . . .
>
> "In my humble judgment the American people are the only people who have any right to say what legislation the American people may have. They have driven down the price of your products. They have increased the burden of your debts. They have foreclosed your mortgages. They are degrading and lowering the standard of civilization by driving people who want to work out upon the streets; and then idleness breeds crime, and crime menaces the safety of every citizen of the land."

Hear him at Syracuse:

> "It is in this land as in no other land, that we, whatever be our walk in life, whether we be rich or poor, whether we stand among the known or the unknown, can say to our children, 'All the avenues of industry are open to you if you can prevent the trusts from closing those avenues, and all the honors that are in the hands of the people are before you if you can have it understood that the people, and not the corporations and syndicates, have a right to chose their officials."

See this fine sneer, at Rochester, at any man of the people who dares to do an honest day's work for a trust:

> "I regard it as the duty of every man who wants to leave his party to have a reason for it which he is not afraid to write upon the walls so that he who runs may read. I do not want him to say that he is opposed to the Chicago ticket because he loves his country, when his reason may be that his salary from a trust may have more influence with him than the welfare of his country."

THE FARMER.

And last of all let us study what Mr. Bryan has to say of the farmer. Farmers are the salt of the earth. No other grade of men are so honest. All the rest of the world simply picks at and jumps on the farmer. At Syracuse Mr. Bryan said:

> "The farmer knows that while he sells at wholesale he buys at retail, and that retail prices do not fall as fast as wholesale prices, and he knows that there are certain fixed charges that do not fall at all. Have your taxes fallen in the last twenty years? . . . .
>
> "You can talk to the farmer from now until election day, and you will never convince him that the gold standard has ever brought anything except ruin and distress to him."

Does Mr. Bryan know any man who makes or produces things, or who exchanges them, who does not buy at retail even though he sells at wholesale? Does the shoe-manufacturer buy his own hats at wholesale? Does the flour-maker buy his own shoes by the case? Who is it that sells by the wholesale that does not buy for his own immediate needs at retail? But the manufacturer buys his raw material at wholesale? Well, does not the farmer do so also? Does he plant a forty-acre corn-field with seed that he has bought by the half-pint?

Read this imputation of dishonesty in the lives of those who are not farmers, made by Mr. Bryan, two days after he left New York, at Springfield, Ohio:

> "I am glad to talk to a people who recognize their dependence upon the farmers of this country. I have had occasion to talk to some who seem to imagine the harder up they could make the farmers the better they would be off."

Fine political economy there is in such words!

When Mr. Bryan started on his trip up the Hudson, he said, at Kingston Point: "I never see people gathered together without wanting to make a speech." Does not this statement serve to explain the flippant, almost rattle-brained talk of this young man? Does he not prove every day that silence is golden at certain times? A shallow river splurges and foams and dashes and roars over the rocks at the bottom. A deep river flows silently, and bears the burden of commerce on its bosom without complaint. With one statement by Mr. Bryan at that notable farmers' picnic in Orleans County we must all agree:

> "Truth lives. It is the one thing that will not die."

THE JOKE OF THE GEMINI.

BY MARY MURDOCH MASON.

"My dear fellow! It is simply absurd!"

"Absurd or not, it is what I did. Why, you yourself suggested the idea."

"I like that! It's a surgeon's idea. The knife is not my weapon; I'd have you remember I am a family physician."

"So you are. You were my brother's family physician. You had charge of his wife, and both sets of twins. First the boys, and a year and a half later, the girls, grew fat and flourished under your advice."

"That is true. Bless me, how long ago it was! Those boys would have been getting on to their majority if they had lived!"

"You have a good memory, Doctor. Those boys are twenty-one—men, in point of fact, this very day. They are coming here to celebrate their birthday. This is why I have asked you—"

"Coming here—they are alive—those twins! What do you mean, Lindsay?"

"Coming here—to celebrate—their twenty-first birthday. Are you deaf, Doctor. And their sisters are coming too. They have never met, you know; are ignorant of each other's very existence. Yes, it's a very pretty situation. I flatter myself I have brought about an unusual combination in life's game for once in a way."

"But they were drowned, Lindsay! Those children were drowned, all four of them! What's the matter with you? Is this one of your infernal jokes? You always were a practical joker."

"Pardon me, life's the joker. I prefer to laugh with it rather than to have the laugh against me. That's all."

"Oh, stop reflections and tell me the truth. Your brother Dick's children—were they or were they not drowned when he and his wife were lost? I have always understood that they were. The papers said so, I remember."

"A very good reason for doubting the fact. The success of the newspapers depends mainly upon the fact that they too have discovered that the key to creation is a sense of humor."

"Oh, Lindsay, go on!"

"Well, my story is brief. When my poor brother and his wife were lost they had left the babies behind them. They hadn't enough sense of humor, you see, to travel for pleasure with a couple of pairs of twins, the older pair not yet two years of age. They left the children with their Swiss nurses up in the Swiss mountains, somewhere near Geneva. Then they went off on that fatal pleasure trip, poor souls. My brother had just lost nearly everything he owned, and was blue and miserable in consequence. Oh, well, you know the story. They went down in that dreadful accident, and when the news was cabled over to America, the statement was that the children were lost too. Of course when I got over to Geneva, a fortnight later, the excitement was over. Somebody was winning or losing at Monte Carlo, and a woman had shot her husband through the heart, and the papers were playing with those grim jokes. I found the children alive and well; saw to it, first of all, that their story did not get into the papers, and then sat down to think what I was to do. Now, my dear Doctor, you must admit the amusing side to that situation. I, a bachelor uncle, aged twenty-nine, left with two sets of twins on my hands. I was practically the only relative they had. There were just my brother and I, you know, and his wife, poor Emily."

"Sweet orphan girl! How good your mother was to her! She was a sort of cousin, wasn't she?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes, third cousin. By-the-way, that makes the twins even more nearly related than twins usually are, and adds to the charm of my experiment. For you must know, Doctor, that I have tried an experiment with those youngsters. I decided to separate them, and bring them up with wholly different surroundings and influences. I changed their names. I made one boy—the darker and smaller—a Frenchman; Victor, he is called. I turned the other into a German, Max, and then I inserted a de and a von before their respective surnames, to give them the advantages of birth!"

"Lindsay, are you a brute or a—"

"Wait, Doctor, wait. It is an experiment, and in your own department. Are you catching the idea?"

"Not yet."

"Then age has dulled your preceptions, for you used to be very keen on the subject of heredity versus environment. Many is the hour we have squabbled over that subject."

"Oh, do go on—go on."

"Fortunately for my experiment, I am rich. I had the boys adopted, one into a French and the other into a German family of reduced gentlefolk, but people with a position, and I paid handsomely to have the lads pass the holidays in their homes, and to be accepted as orphaned but moneyed relatives. Any wrong-doing in that, eh, Doctor? You wouldn't think so, if you could see them. Victor knows his Paris and his France as Max knows and loves his Vaterland. Laugh, doctor, laugh, I assure you it is funny."

"And the girls, Lindsay? You couldn't send the girls away."

"My dear man, I couldn't take them with me! Yes, I sent them away, certainly. Marca is a Russian, arranged for as the boys were, and Helena is an English girl—oh! so English—conventional, good, with a taste for tea and tennis and a house-boat on the Thames. You will love Helena. She's like Emily a bit. For me, give me Marca. Everything she says is spiced with *sauce tartare*."

"You know them, then?"

"Know them? Rather! I am their best friend. I figure to each one as an American friend of their father. I visit them; they visit me. They love me, brute that I am, but they do not suspect my relation to them. They all speak English. I've seen to that particularly, so that if they elect to be American when they know the truth, they won't be handicapped in that direction. I have arranged to-night for the family meeting and for the grand dénouement. It is Fourth of July, you know, and that should fire any latent sensations of patriotism they may possess. They are stopping, the girls with their chaperons, at different hotels, the boys where they like. They meet you to-night—not for the first time, as we know, Doctor!—and you'll have a chance to see how they take to each other; whether they have any thrills and instincts, or whether they are really denationalized. My mind is in a state of blank on the subject. I have no prejudices, but a prettier chance of deciding between heredity and environment I cannot fancy—eh, Doctor?"

But the Doctor was speechless; he was at first almost unobservant; he met and shook hands with a tall, slight, composed English girl; he met and shook hands with a tall, slight, exuberant Russian; a Frenchman fresh from the boulevards; and a German who suggested spurs and the army.

They were all seated at dinner before he quite came to himself. When he had regained his usual tranquility, Lindsay was calling attention to the central flower decoration of the table, from the middle of which floated proudly four little flags—the French tri-color, the Union Jack, the German and Russian flags, while above all waved the Stars and Stripes.

"Each of my guests is represented, you see," said Mr. Lindsay, with a wave of his hand.

"And I suppose," said Marca, with a pretty foreign accent—"I suppose the American flag is the largest because you and Monsieur le Docteur are both Americans."

"Monsieur le Docteur, my dear Marca, is the only real American present. I belong to no nation. I am cosmopolite; the world is my home."

"Oh, but," continued Marca, "we Russians—we live everywhere too. Paris is our Paris almost as it is yours, Monsieur"—to Victor, who bowed low, not too well pleased under his polite air—"but we are Russians all the same. It is with us always, Russia, my country."

Lindsay shot an amused glance toward the doctor, who felt a certain scientific spirit of interest springing up in him alongside of the tender feeling he had for those charming and so contented exiles.

"Is it not so?" asked Marca, turning to Helena.

"Of course, if one is English, one feels that, necessarily," Helena replied, complacently. "We English, you know, are *the* home-loving people."

"It is quite true, Fraulein," remarked Max. "The English and the German, the north races, they have the love of the hearth-stone."

"And you, Victor?" asked Mr. Lindsay.

Victor raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly. "You all love our Paris so much, even the English, and, above all, the Russians, mademoiselle, that there is no need for me to say I shall be a Frenchman, even in Heaven. We shall find Paris in Paradise, you know."

There was a laugh, but a perfunctory one, and Max replied dryly,

"I have never been in Paris to stop, but my people got tired of the environs of your city a little before I was born—in 1871."

Victor bit his lip and glared at the German, hating him with all his heart. Marca looked angry also, and said to Mr. Lindsay, in a low voice, "It is a German joke, Monsieur Cosmopolite; do you like it?" At which Helena gazed calmly and with an air of superior breeding and surprise at her Russian neighbor who spoke so freely. So here they were, these four, almost at daggers drawn already, and Mr. Lindsay smiling as if he were a Punch and Judy show-man and these were his puppets. The Doctor felt that he must come to the rescue.

"Suppose for a moment that you were not what you seem to be"—his host shot him a warning glance across the table, but he continued—"or that I was born a Turk"—Victor and Marca smiled, Helena stared, Max guffawed at this idea—"a Turk, or anything else that seems improbable, and that you young people were Americans born, but bred in Europe, unsuspicious of your birth? Would you want to be told what you were?"

"Not what, but who," said Helena, more quickly than she had yet spoken.

"I should like to know my mother," began Max, slowly and musingly.

"To congratulate her?" inquired Victor, and his spirits rose with the retort.

"Well, but suppose," persisted the Doctor—"just suppose."

"But it is so impossible," said Helena. "I am English; I know I am. I couldn't fancy being an American any more than I could imagine you as English, you know," turning to Marca.

"You see," said Victor, "blood is stronger than water."

"What! stronger than that big Atlantic Ocean that has rolled between you and the land of your bi—land of the free?" finished the Doctor, picking up his fork nervously.

He had had his innings, Lindsay thought—but no.

"Blood stronger than water? I wonder if it is?" murmured the Doctor, and lifted his gaze to a portrait on the wall. It was directly opposite him—the portrait of a woman. The four young people all followed the glance of his eye and remained silent for a moment, looking at the picture.

"That is a sweet face," said Helena, gently, helping herself to an olive. "That pretty, old-fashioned way of doing the hair suits her."

"It would suit you too," said Marca, glancing quickly from Helena to the portrait and back again.

Victor arose. "Pardon me, monsieur, may I?" He walked up to the portrait and scrutinized it carefully—the Doctor's heart beat high with hope—"Ah, yes—Healey; I thought so. He used so often to paint you Americans." And Victor returned to his place at the table.

Max looked through his glasses. "She would have made a good mother, that lady," he sighed.

"Why, you look like her!" called Marca to Helena, suddenly.

"And so do you," replied Helena.

"It is true; you might be cousins," Victor asserted. "There is the same cut of the chin and the nose, and you hold your head at the side like madame in the picture. But you open your mouths with a difference," he added, "and then your hair is dressed unlike, and your whole style is so—oh no, it is only superficial, the resemblance."

"Superficial!" exclaimed the German—"fundamental. I do not believe your own sisters are so much like you as you are like each other!"

"I never had a sister," said Marca, sadly.

"Nor I," said Helena.

"I never even had a mother, to know," added Marca.

"I am an orphan too," confessed Helena; "I never saw my father nor my mother."

"How strange! How old are you?" asked the Russian.

"Nineteen years."

"What is your birthday?"

"The twentieth of December."

"Why, it is mine also; and I, too, am nineteen. We might have been sisters, really—twins!"

Everybody laughed, but the air seemed charged with electricity to the Doctor. "Would you have liked a twin sister?" he asked of Helena.

"Oh yes; I used to think perhaps I had one." But it was Marca, not Helena, who replied. "I was always making little—how do you say it in English?—confidences to some imagined little sister. Did you ever do that?" she asked of Helena. Helena looked puzzled, and made no reply.

"How would you feel if you thought Marca really your sister?" persisted the Doctor to Helena.

"Oh, I should be so sorry she hadn't been brought up in England. I could never be really intimate, you know, with anybody but an English girl, could I? We look at things so differently, you see. Why, there is Sunday, and marriage, and all our little ways and our big beliefs!"

"You wretched young conservative!" cried Mr. Lindsay, sharply.

"Mademoiselle is right," interrupted Victor; "I also feel that. I may honor and love the Russian, the American, but we are strangers."

"I do not believe it," cried Marca. "Blood is first, then the habits. I could love a Hottentot if she were my sister."

"I, too, agree with the Fräulein," said Max. "If I were told to-night that I had a brother in the Sandwich Islands, would I not start to find him to-morrow?"

"But if you were told that he lived in Paris," sneered Victor, "what would you do then?"

"I should hasten the more, gnädiger Herr, to bring him quickly back to Berlin."

"Well," said the Doctor, turning to Mr. Lindsay, "what are you going to do now for our pleasure?" for Mr. Lindsay had risen.

"I am going to tell you a story—a good one, too," said Mr. Lindsay.

"With a joke in it, of course," retorted the Doctor, savagely; "but on whom is the joke? Do you laugh, or do we?"

But Mr. Lindsay looked quite serious when, dinner over and each one of his four young guests decorated with the flag of his or her adopted country, he seated himself to tell them the story of their birth.

The good old Doctor watched the four young creatures with a heart-pang. They seemed so happy, so contented, so individual. Was all this superficial only? Down below, did their hearts long for kinship and sympathy, and those nearer and dearer family ties that had been denied them? How would they look ten minutes from now, when their uncle's story was finished? Would they be sitting apart with eyes cast down, a bitter sense of injustice burning in their hearts, because they, the orphans, had each lost the country of his love?

Or would they be clasping hands—Victor and Max—all thought of France and Germany lost in the sense of brotherhood? Would Helena and Marca be weeping tears of joy in each other's arms, under their mother's portrait?

And the spirit of scientific inquiry gave way to a deep human sympathy in the Doctor's heart as Mr. Lindsay began to speak.

TO AN EPICUREAN VERSIFIER.

YOUR verse has come to hand, O Epicure,
And I have read it all, you may be sure.

Your sonnet to the Oyster's quite a rhyme:
Thrice read, I tasted bivalves all the time.

Your ode to Soup was rather thin, I thought,
And purée is the style by which I'm caught.

But when I read that grand apostrophe
Wherein you spoke of Chicken Fricassee

My heart went out to you—I wept, and said
You'd some day wear the laurel on your head.

The verse on Farcie Olives was a song
That in my memory will linger long.

And when you wrote of Woodcock's brain, I roared:
Hail to the King! Of High Parnassus Lord!

But have a care! Your friendly critic notes
You feed your Pegasus on Table d'Oats;

And in the end I fear that style of feed
May bring blind-staggers to your classic steed.

And possibly it might occur in one
Of his and your upsoarings to the sun

He'd buck and balk and toss you o'er his head,
And leave you—where? The notion's full of dread!

Pray change the diet, friend, and do not curse
Because I say give up stomachic verse.

For while this shows great genius, in the main
In letters one likes tonic for the brain.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

XXXVI.

MISS LYNDE had gone earlier than usual to bed, when Bessie heard Alan's door open, and then heard him feeling his way fumblingly down stairs. She surmised that he had drunk up all that he had in his room, and was making for the sideboard in the dining-room.

She ran and got the two decanters, one of whiskey and one of brandy, which he was in the habit of carrying back to his room from such an incursion.

"Alan!" she called to him, in a low voice.

"Where are you?" he answered back.

"In the library," she said. "Come in here, please."

He came, and stood looking gloomily in from the doorway. He caught sight of the decanters and the glasses on the library table. "Oh!" he said, and gave a laugh cut in two by a hiccough.

"Come in, and shut the door, Alan," she said. "Let's make a night of it. I've got the materials here." She waved her hand toward the decanters.

He shrugged. "*I* don't know what you mean." But he came forward, and slouched into one of the deep chairs.

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Bessie, with a laugh. "We're both excited, and we want to get away from ourselves. Isn't that what's the matter with you, when it begins? Doctor Lacy thinks it is."

"Does he?" Alan asked. "I didn't suppose he had so much sense. What of it?"

"Nothing. Merely that I'm going to drink a glass of whiskey and a glass of brandy for every glass that you drink to-night."

"You mustn't play the fool, Bess," said her brother, with dignified severity.

"But I'm really serious, Alan. Shall I give you something? Which shall we begin on? And we'd better begin soon, for there's a man coming from the doctor to look after you, and then you won't get anything."

"Don't be ridiculous. Give me those decanters!" Alan struggled out of his chair, and trembled over to where she had them on the table beside her.

She caught them up, one in either hand, and held them as high as she could lift them. "If you don't sit down and promise to keep still, I'll smash them both on the hearth. You know I will."

Her strange eyes gleamed, and he hesitated; then he went back to his chair.

"I don't see what's got into you, to-night. *I* don't want anything," he said. He tried to brave it out, but presently he cast a piteous glance at the decanters where she had put them down beside her again. "Does the doctor think I'd better go again?" he asked.

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

He looked at the decanters. "And when is that fellow coming?"

"He may be here any moment."

"It's pretty rough," he sighed. "Two glasses of that stuff would drive you so wild you wouldn't know where you were, Bess," he expostulated.

"Well, I *wish* I didn't know where I was. I wish I wasn't anywhere." He looked at her, and then dropped his eyes, with the effect of giving up a hopeless conundrum.

But he asked, "What's the matter?"

She scanned him keenly before she answered: "Something that I should like to tell you—that you ought to know. Alan, do you think you're fit to judge of a very serious matter?"

He laughed pathetically. "I don't believe I'm in a very judicial frame of mind to-night, Bess. To-morrow—"

"Oh, to-morrow! Where will you be to-morrow?"

"That's true! Well, what is it? I'll try to listen. But if you knew how my nerves were going!" His eyes wandered from hers back to the decanters. "If I had just one glass—"

"I'll have one, too," she said, with a motion toward the decanter next her.

He threw up his arms. "Oh well, go on! I'll listen as well as I can." He sank down in his chair and stretched his little feet out toward the fire. "Go on!"

She hesitated before she began. "Do you know who brought you home last night, Alan?"

"Yes," he answered quickly. "Westover."

"Yes, Mr. Westover brought you, and you wouldn't stay. You don't remember anything else?"

"No. What else?"

"Nothing for you, if you don't remember." She sat in silent hopelessness for a while, and her brother's eyes dwelt on the decanters, which she seemed to have forgotten. "Alan!" she broke out abruptly. "I'm worried, and if I can't tell you about it, there's no one I can."

The appeal in her voice must have reached him, though he seemed scarcely to have heeded her words. "What is it?" he asked, kindly.

"You went back to the Enderbys' after Mr. Westover brought you home, and then some one else had to bring you again."

"How do you know?"

"I was up, and let you in—"

"Did you, Bessie? That was *like* you," he said, tenderly.

"And I had to let *him* in, too. You pulled him into the house, and you made such a disturbance at the door, that he had to come in for fear you would bring the police."

"What a beast!" said Alan, of himself, as if it were some one else.

"He came in with you. And you wanted him to have some supper. And you fell asleep before the fire in the reception-room."

"That—that was the dream!" said Alan, severely. "What are you talking that stuff for, Bessie?"

"Oh, no!" she retorted with a laugh, as if the pleasure of its coming in so fitly were compensation for the shame of the fact. "The dream was what happened afterwards. The dream was that you fell asleep there, and left me there with him—"

"Well, poor old Westover; he's a gentleman! You needn't be worried about *him*—"

"You're *not* fit!" cried the girl. "I give it up." She got upon her feet, and stood a moment listless.

"No, I'm not, Bessie. I can't pull my mind together, to-night. But look here!" He seemed to lose what he wanted to say. He asked: "Is it something I've got you in for? Do I understand that?"

"Partly," she said.

"Well, then, I'll help you out. You can trust me, Bessie; you can indeed. You don't believe it?"

"Oh, I believe you think I can trust you."

"But this time you *can*. If you need my help I will stand by you, right or wrong. If you want to tell me now, I'll listen, and I'll advise you the best I can—"

"It's just something I've got nervous about," she said, while her eyes shone with sudden tears. "But I won't trouble you with it to-night. There's no such great hurry. We can talk about it in the morning, if you're better then. Or, I forgot! You're going away!"

"No," said the young man, with pathetic dignity, "I'm not going if you need my help. But you're right about me, to-night, Bessie. I'm not fit. I'm afraid I can't grasp anything, to-night. Tell me in the morning. Oh, don't be afraid!" he cried out at the glance she gave the decanters. "That's over, now; you could put them in my hands and be safe enough. I'm going back to bed, and in the morning—"

He rose and went toward the door. "If that doctor's man comes to-night you can send him away again. He needn't bother."

"All right, Alan," she said, fondly. "Good-night. Don't worry about me. Try to get some sleep."

"And you must sleep, too. You can trust me, Bessie."

He came back after he got out of the room and looked in. "Bess, if you're anxious about it, if you don't feel perfectly sure of me, you can take those things to your room with you." He indicated the decanters with a glance.

"Oh, no! I shall leave them here. It wouldn't be any use your just keeping well overnight. You'll have to keep well a long time, Alan, if you're going to help me. And that's the reason I'd rather talk to you when you can give your whole mind to what I say."

"Is it something so serious?"

"I don't know. That's for you to judge. Not very—not at all, perhaps."

"Then I won't fail you, Bessie. I shall 'keep well,' as you call it, as long as you want me. Good-night."

"Good-night. I shall leave these bottles here, remember."

"You needn't be afraid. You might put them beside my bed."

Bessie slept soundly, from exhaustion, and in that provisional fashion in which people who have postponed a care to a given moment are able to sleep. But she woke early, and crept down stairs before any one else was astir, and went to the library. The decanters stood there on the table, empty. Her brother lay a shapeless heap in one of the deep arm-chairs.

XXXVII.

Westover got home from the Enderby dance at last with the forecast of a violent cold in his system, which verified itself the next morning. He had been housed a week, when Jeff Durgin came to see him. "Why didn't

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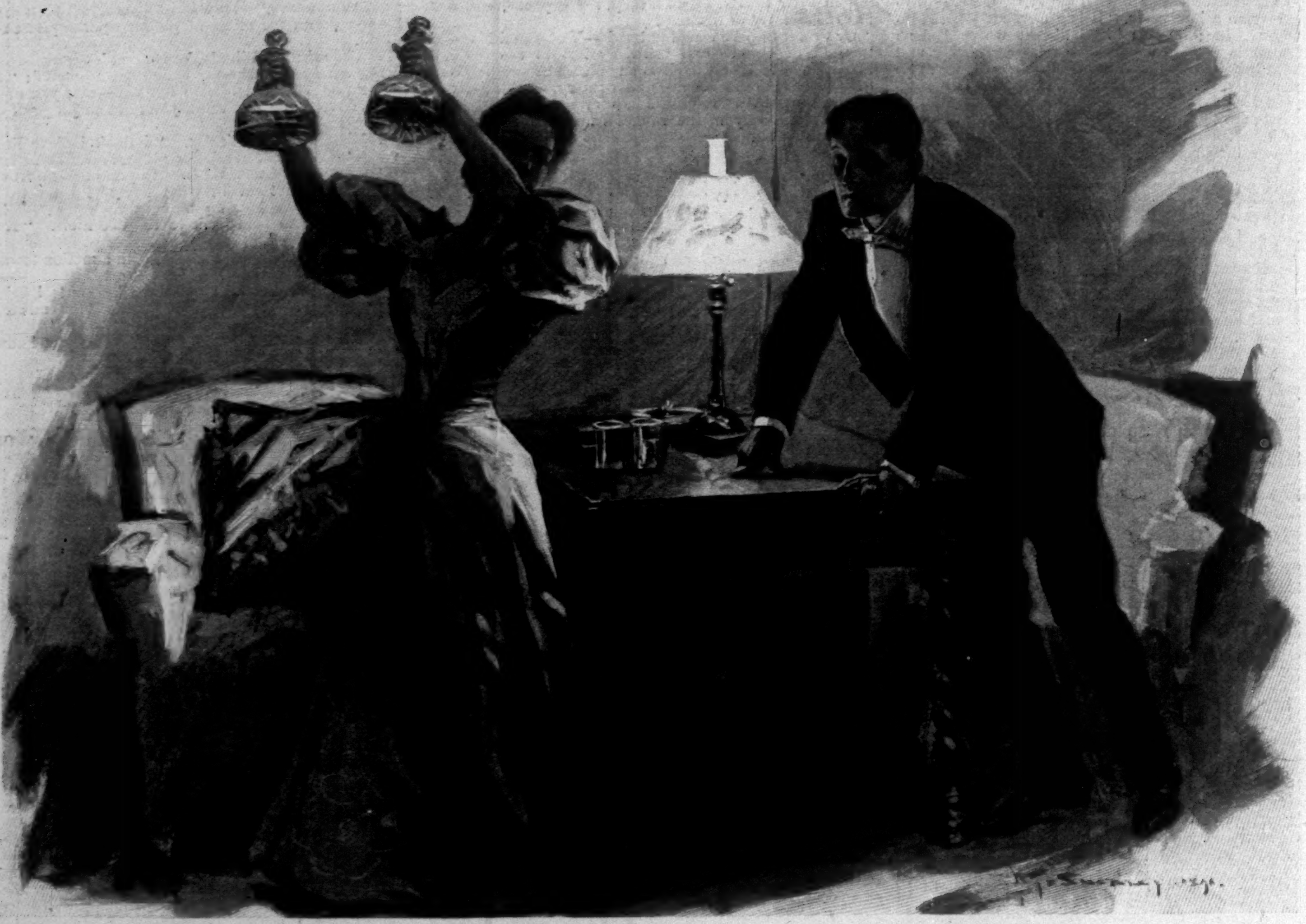
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.



"IF YOU DON'T SIT DOWN AND PROMISE TO KEEP STILL, I'LL SMASH THEM BOTH ON THE HEARTH."

you let me know you were sick?" he demanded. "I'd have come and looked after you."

"Thank you," said Westover, with as much stiffness as he could command in his physical limpness. "I shouldn't have allowed you to look after me; and I want you to understand, now, that there can't be any sort of friendliness between us till you've accounted for your behavior with Lynde, the other night."

"You mean at the party?" Jeff asked, tranquilly.

"Yes!" cried Westover. "If I had not been shut up ever since, I should have gone to see you and had it out with you. I've only let you in, now, to give you the chance to explain; and I refuse to hear a word from you till you do." Westover did not think that this was very forcible, and he was not much surprised that it made Jeff smile.

"Why, I don't know what there is to explain. I suppose you think I got him drunk; I know what you thought that night. But he was pretty well loaded when he struck my champagne. It wasn't a question of what he was going to do any longer, but how he was going to do it. I kept an eye on him, and at the right time I helped the caterer's man to get him up into that room where he wouldn't make any trouble. I expected to go back and look after him, but I forgot him."

"I don't suppose, really, that you're aware what a devil's argument that is," said Westover. "You got Lynde drunk, and then you went back to his sister, and allowed her to treat you as if you were a gentleman, and didn't deserve to be thrown out of the house." This at last was something like what Westover had imagined he would say to Jeff, and he looked to see it have the imagined effect upon him.

"Do you suppose," asked Jeff, with cheerful cynicism, "that it was the first time she was civil to a man her brother got drunk with?"

"No! But all the more you ought to have considered her helplessness. It ought to have made her the more sacred"—Jeff gave an exasperating shrug—"to you, and you ought to have kept away from her for decency's sake."

"I was engaged to dance with her."

"I can't allow you to be trivial with me, Durgin," said Westover. "You've acted like a blackguard, and worse, if there is anything worse."

Jeff stood at a corner of the fire, leaning one elbow on the mantel, and he now looked thoughtfully down at Westover, who had sunk weakly into a chair before the hearth. "I don't deny it from your point of view, Mr. Westover," he said, without the least resentment in his tone. "You believe that everything is done from a purpose, or that a thing is intended, because it's done. But I see that most things in this world are not thought about, and not intended. They happen, just as much as the other things that we call accidents."

"Yes," said Westover, "but the wrong things don't happen from people who are in the habit of meaning the right ones."

"I believe they do, fully half the time," Jeff returned; "and as far as the grand result is concerned you might as well think them and intend them as not. I don't mean that you ought to do it; that's another thing, and if I had tried to get Lynde drunk, and then gone to dance with his sister, I should have been what you say I am. But I saw him getting worse without meaning to make him so; and I went back to her because—I wanted to."

"And you think, I suppose," said Westover, "that she wouldn't have cared any more than you cared if she had known what you did."

"I can't say anything about that."

The painter continued, bitterly: "You used to come in here, the first year, with notions of society women that would have disgraced a Goth, or a gorilla. Did you form your estimate of Miss Lynde from those premises?"

"I'm not a boy, now," Jeff answered, "and I haven't staid *all* the kinds of a fool I was."

"Then you don't think Miss Lynde would speak to you, or look at you, after she knew what you had done?"

"I should like to tell her, and see," said Jeff, with a hardy laugh. "But I guess I sha'n't have the chance. I've never been a favorite in society, and I don't expect to meet her again."

"Perhaps you'd like to have *me* tell her?"

"Why, yes, I believe I should, if you could tell me what she *thought*—not what she *said* about it."

"You *are* a brute," answered Westover, with a puzzled air. What puzzled him most and pleased him least was the fellow's patience under his severity, which he seemed either not to feel or not to mind. It was of a piece with the behavior of the rascally boy whom he had cuffed for frightening Cynthia and her little brother long ago, and he wondered what final malevolence it portended.

Jeff said, as if their controversy were at an end and they might now turn to more personal things: "You look pretty slim, Mr. Westover. A'n't there something I can do for you—get you? I've come in with a message from mother. She says if you ever want to get that winter view of Lion's Head, now's your time. She wants you to come up there; she and Cynthia both do. They can make you as comfortable as you please, and they'd like to have a visit from you. Can't you go?"

Westover shook his head ruefully. "It's good of them, and I want you to thank them for me. But I don't know when I'm going to get out again."

"Oh, you'll soon get out," said Jeff. "I'm going to look after you a little," and this time Westover was too weak to protest. He did not forbid Jeff's taking off his overcoat; he suffered him to light his spirit-lamp and make a punch of the whiskey which he owned the doctor was giving him; and when Jeff handed him the steaming glass, and asked him, "How's that?" he answered with a pleasure in it which he knew to be deplorable, "It's fine."

Jeff staid the whole evening with him, and made him more comfortable than he had been since his cold began. Westover now talked seriously and frankly with him, but no longer so harshly, and in his relenting he felt a return of his old illogical liking for him. He fancied in Durgin's kindness to himself an indirect regret, and a desire to atone for what he had done, and he said: "The effect is in you—the worst effect. I don't think either of the young Lyndes very exemplary people. But you'd be doing yourself a greater wrong than you've done them if you didn't recognize that you had been guilty towards them."

Jeff seemed struck by this notion. "What do you want me to do? What can I do? Chase myself out of society? Something like that? I'm willing. It's too easy, though. As I said, I've never been wanted much, there, and I shouldn't be missed."

"Well, then, how would you like to leave it to the people at Lion's Head to say what you should do?" Westover suggested.

"I shouldn't like it," said Jeff, promptly. "They'd judge it as you do—as if they'd done it themselves. That's the reason women are not fit to judge." His laughing face darkened. "But you can tell 'em, if you want to."

"Bah!" cried the painter. "Why should I want to? I'm not a woman in everything."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Westover. I didn't mean that. I only meant that you're an idealist. I look at this thing as if some one else had done it; I believe that's the practical way; and I shouldn't go in for punishing any one else for such a thing very severely." He made another punch—for himself this time, he said; but Westover joined him in a glass of it.

"It won't do to take that view of your faults, Jeff," he said, gravely.

"What's the reason?" Jeff demanded; and now either the punch had begun to work in Westover's brain, or some other influence of like force and quality. He perceived that in this earth-bound temperament was the potentiality of all the success it aimed at. The acceptance of the moral fact as it was, without the unconscious effort to better it, or to hold himself strictly to account for it, was the secret of the power in the man which would bring about the material results he desired; and this simplicity of the motive involved had its charm. Westover was aware of liking Durgin at that moment much more than he ought, and of liking him helplessly. In the light of his good-natured selfishness, the injury to the Lyndes showed much less a sacrilege than it had seemed; Westover began to see it with Jeff's eyes, and to see it with reference to what might be low and mean in them, instead of what might be fine and high.

He was sensible of the growth Jeff had made intellectually. He had not been at Harvard nearly four years for nothing. He had phrases and could handle them. In whatever obscure or perverse fashion, he had profited by his opportunities. The fellow who could accuse him of being an idealist, and could in some sort prove it, was no longer a naughty boy to be tutored and punished. The revolt latent in him would be violent in proportion to the pressure put upon him, and Westover began to be without the wish to press his fault home to him so strongly. In the optimism generated by the punch, he felt that he might leave the case to Jeff himself; or else in the comfort we all experience in sinking to a lower level, he was unwilling to make the effort to keep his own moral elevation. But he did make an effort to save himself by saying: "You can't get what you've done before yourself as you can the action of some one else. It's part of you, and you have to judge the motive as well as the effect."

"Well, that's what I'm doing," said Jeff; "but it seems to me that you're trying to have me judge of the effect from a motive I didn't have. As far as I can make out, I hadn't any motive at all."

He laughed, and all that Westover could say was, "Then you're still responsible for the result." But this no longer appeared so true to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOTHER GOOSE BROUGHT UP TO DATE.

Verses Received from Cimmeria-on-Styx, by the Famous Author of Nursery Rhymes and Other Melodies.

EDITED BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

UNNOTIFIED TOMMY.

Little Tommy Watson,
  Weeping all the day,
Sitting by his loney,
  On the rocky way;

Hurt are all his feelings,
  Injured is his pride—
Poor old Tommy Watson 's
  Not been notified!

Never mind, sweet Tommy!
  Wait till 'lection day;
Then you'll find some others
  On that rocky way,

Injured in their feelings,
  Broken in their pride,
Wishing that, like you, they'd
  Not been notified.

THE BOOMERANG MAN.

Oh, there was a little man
For the Presidency ran,
And his speeches they were very full of lead, lead, lead;
And he took his little mouth
Thro' the East and West and South,
And he shot his little speeches from his head, head, head.

And the speeches made a hit,
There is no denying it,
For they flashed around the earth, they did, alack, lack, lack;
And, returning, smote the man
Who for lofty office ran
In the middle of his pretty little back, back, back.

And they took him to his tomb
In the midst of awful gloom,
And a deep and solemn dirge his party sang, sang, sang;
And the world said, "There's no doubt
He has knocked himself right out
By his careless handling of his boom-harangue, rangue, rangue!"

NEW QUARTS FOR ALL.

Take a little pint pot
  Of the usual sort,
Cut it up in pieces
  And call 'em each a quart.

Then take all these new quarts,
  Cut 'em each in half,
Call the new halves pint pots,
  And hear the people laugh.

For there's nothing sweeter
  On this glad green earth
Than to hear a nation
  Giving way to mirth.

A BAD SALE.

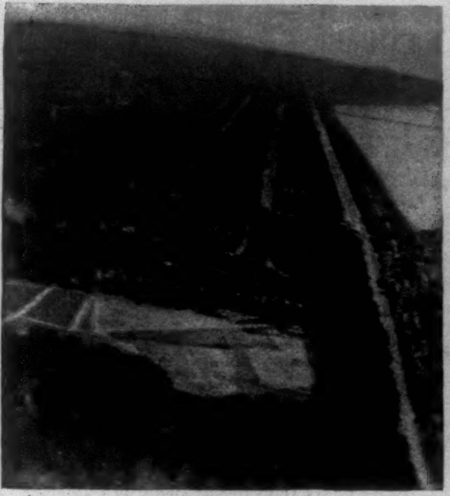
Once I lent a dollar
  To a silver man,
And he cried, "Collect it—
  I don't think you can!"

When I tried to do so—
  Effort 'twas immense—
I got back a trifle
  Over fifty cents.

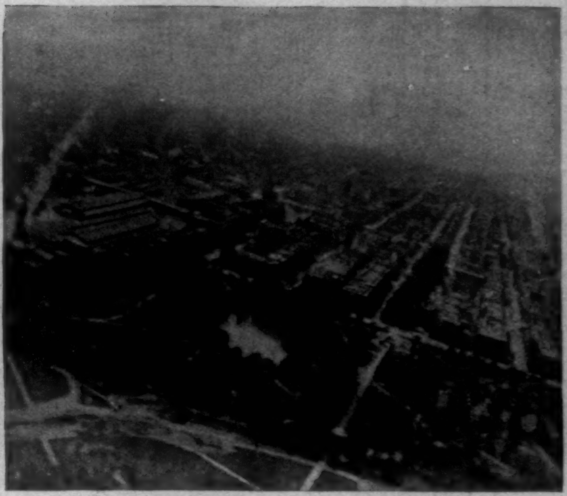
Now I don't lend dollars
  On that old-time plan,
Helping with my lucre
  Some less lucky man.

And as he's a debtor,
  On the way he lags,
Casting envious glances
  At my money-bags:

For he *sold* his credit,
  Honor, confidence,
For the paltry sum of
  Forty-seven cents!



LOOKING NORTHWEST OVER THE PARADE-GROUND ON THE COMMON.



LOOKING WEST OVER THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

MID-AIR KITE PHOTOGRAPHS OF BOSTON.

BY WILLIAM A. EDDY.

When I arrived at Boston on Saturday afternoon, August 22, 1896, I had in charge a large package consisting of twenty-two kites, some of which were six and some seven feet in diameter. I had left Bayonne, New Jersey, a week before with twenty-three kites, but one of them had broken away during a very high ascension with tandem kites at Portland, Maine, where I had been drawing atmospheric electricity from a great height in a clear sky, by means of a collector with copper wire festooned to the kite line. I had also taken mid-air kite photographs of the New England Fair race-track, and the temperature of the upper air during a sudden shower, having sent up a self-recording thermometer on August 18. A fall of ten degrees Fahrenheit was recorded at a height of about fifteen hundred feet during the rain.

Four of my kites were disabled by a gust which tore the paper off their frames at Portland, so that I was forced to undertake the mid-air photography of so important a historic city as Boston with nineteen kites, some of which had been injured by the shower. It may seem that nineteen kites is a needlessly large number, but the fact is that each kite must be adapted to special wind velocities, and it must also have a surface of a special size, depending upon the strength of the wind to insure the proper lifting force. The problem is further complicated by the fact that in light winds kites with especially thin sticks are required, while in very strong winds the thin kites will be forced out of shape and completely destroyed. My heavy red cloth kites will not fly in a light wind.

Having tested the strength of the wind by means of very light pilot-kites, my aim was to send up as heavy kites as possible, because light winds are often displaced by sudden gusts which wreck the lighter apparatus. Not more than one-fifth of the known breaking strain of the cord ought to be used, and constant watchfulness is required to see that the strain is not beyond the limit of safety.

The chief difficulty in lifting the camera is to avoid putting upon the main kite line the pull of too many kites, which would promptly break the line, such an accident having occurred in Boston on August 25. On the other hand, if the kites are too small and there are not enough of them, the camera will recede after ascending a short distance, and it will descend with the increased weight of the line paid out. Professor C. F. Marvin, of the United States Weather Bureau, has demonstrated that the wind pressure upon a disk may increase about one-third in a few minutes. There may be a coincidence resulting in the combined pulls of four or five of the tandem kites, causing the spring balance with which the strain is measured to indicate an increase of pull of from sixteen to forty-eight pounds. Such an increase arising from a gust was recorded at Blue Hill Observatory, where a tandem line of seven of my kites broke away in July, 1894. Since that time the Blue Hill observers, Messrs. Rotch, Clayton, and Fergusson, beginning in January, 1896, have used piano wire tested to break at 290 pounds. I have not dared to use wire for my kite line in a great city, because of the danger of its coming in contact with live electric wires with insulation worn away. Undoubtedly the use of wire would carry the camera to a greater height with a given strain.

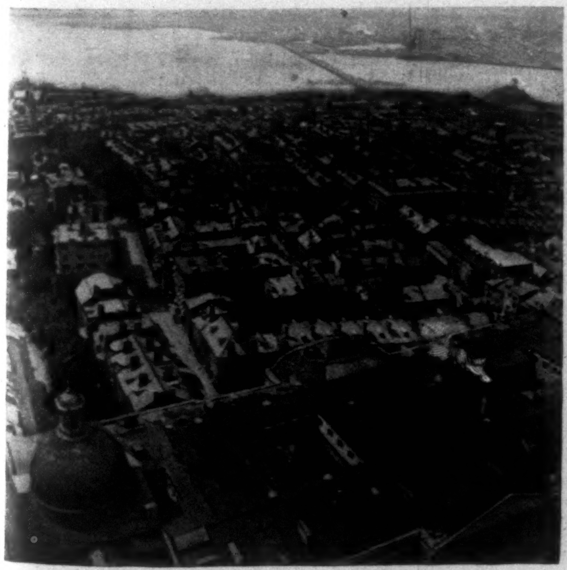
From this it will be seen that the most formidable obstacle to overcome in kite photography is the irregularity of the pull upon the kite line. It is obvious that continued safe experimental work cannot be done with one kite, because, as near as possible, a given pull of from eighteen to twenty pounds must be gradually and carefully produced. If the pull is forty pounds it greatly endangers the line, if ten pounds it will not lift the camera, which weighs three pounds, but which acts with a leverage when suspended. The required strain is produced by adding to or subtracting kites from the main line at a point above the camera.

First, a group of four or five kites is sent out, exerting a pull of, say, twenty pounds. Then the camera is fastened into the kite line, being braced into a given position by means of guiding-sticks and guy lines that hold it rigidly with a slanting range downward. The view is like that taken while looking over the edge of the basket of a balloon. Sometimes, however, the guy lines are so distorted by wind pressure and by a change in the strain upon the lines below the kite string that the camera is upset and points straight downward. It then becomes necessary to take a circumscribed map view. I try to avoid this accident, because a perspective view is much more interesting.

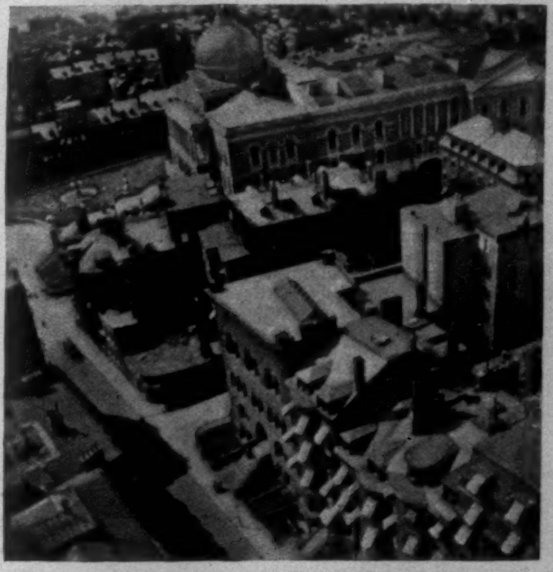
The camera can be pointed in any direction, although it is much more stable when the lens is directed toward the country beneath the flying kites. A roll of instantaneous film is unwound at the earth after each exposure, the camera being fitted with a quick shutter, which is operated by means of the pull of a very thin string extending perpendicularly to the earth, and which has nothing to do with the line holding the kites. In taking the Boston photographs the camera line which worked the shutter extended to the roof of the Tremont Building, with a much steeper slant upward than that of the main kite line, sustained by the pull of from four to eight tandem kites, which were held by a powerful line farther back on the roof.

My first kite photograph of Boston was taken at 10.40 A.M., August 25, 1896, followed by fifteen others relatively distinct. Of twenty-three exposures, five failed, owing to accidents. In one instance the camera fell several feet into a tree-top in Boston Common near Beacon Street, opposite the Somerset Club house, where it remained about an hour in an almost inaccessible position, acting as an anchor to a line of four or five kites which remained in the air. The camera, containing six exposed films, was recovered with great difficulty by a young man, who climbed the tree. The films were not injured, and were afterward developed and printed. The recovery of the flying kites called for very delicate management to avoid frightening horses in Beacon Street, where a large crowd had assembled. The string had become entangled in the trees, and the kites might have continued flying all night had not the line again broken and descended to the street, where the end was captured by one of a crowd of men and boys who chased it along Beacon Street as the kites and line receded with great speed. The kites and line were all recovered in good order.

The approach of an enemy in time of war could be discerned by means of such a mid-air camera, and in the navy the smoke of a man-of-war could be seen long before its hull had become visible above the horizon-line. Such films could be quickly developed and examined with magnifying glasses, or they could be promptly printed by electric light on a cloudy day. At present it is necessary to haul down the camera after each exposure, but by the use of electric wire the films could be changed aloft, and the photographs taken with marvellous rapidity. Anything which performs the work in a rapid manner would result in many more successful pictures in a given time, because the wind is always fitful and may fail at any moment or it may suddenly wreck the apparatus by excess of force.



LOOKING NORTHWEST OVER THE ROOF OF THE COURT-HOUSE. CHARLES RIVER IN THE DISTANCE.



COURT-HOUSE, AND SOME OF THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS.

GRESHAM'S LAW OF THE COINAGE.

Sir Thomas Gresham, a celebrated London merchant and founder of the "Royal Exchange," called the attention of Queen Elizabeth to a principle governing the circulation of coin which has been formulated thus: "When a government issues two kinds of coin, of like denomination and legal paying power but of different intrinsic value, that which has the greater intrinsic value will disappear from circulation."

This was known to the Athenians, four hundred years before the Christian era, but the knowledge was lost in the Dark Ages and did not come to light again until Elizabeth's time. It is called by Economists "Gresham's law of the coinage," and is now being taught in all the great institutions of learning, throughout Europe and the United States, as an axiom of Economics.

It was the apprehension of the Gresham law which caused Germany to adopt the gold, standard value-measure in 1871 (while still using a large volume of silver); it was this which caused the States of the Latin Union to abandon their vain attempt to establish an impossible "double standard" measure of values and to stop the free coinage of silver; and it was this which compelled our Congress to repeal the purchasing clause of the so-called "Sherman Act" and pledge anew the faith of the United States to maintain the parity of full tender silver with gold, at the legal ratio.

It has been demonstrated that the principle of Gresham's law applies equally to legal-tender coin, subsidiary silver coin and legal-tender notes. For example: After the banks and the government of the United States suspended specie payments, at the close of 1861, the government, early in 1862, resorted to the issue of legal-tender notes without the means to redeem them. Although the banks had been forced to suspend specie payment, there was an abundance of gold *in sight*, and they stood ready to resume under favorable auspices; but the issue of the legal-tender notes clinched the suspension of specie payments and subjected all the metallic money in the United States, east of the Pacific States and Territories, to the operation of the Gresham law for the period of seventeen years, as everybody knows. Not only this, but it subjected $751,650,000 in gold produced from mines in the United States, *during this period*, to the operation of the same law, and deprived the people, east of the Pacific States and Territories, of the use of any part of it as money in their domestic trade.

The principle of the Gresham law is easily illustrated, so that every intelligent boy and girl can understand it. In truth, they understand it already, as well as any Professor of Economics, but they have not recognized its scientific name. Those of them who chance to read this article will discover that they know much more about the money question than they have given themselves credit for.

Suppose a man has $1000 in gold coin and $1000 in legal-tender silver coin, of less intrinsic value than the gold, and the government could no longer maintain its *purchasing* power at par with gold. The man would use the legal-tender silver coin in paying his debts and keep the gold out of sight. Now, suppose a man had $1000 gold coin, $1000 legal-tender silver coin and $1000 in legal-tender notes which the government had promised to redeem in coin, but he doubted the ability of the government to do so. He would then pay his debts in the legal-tender notes, and keep both his silver and gold coin out of sight. The man would be following a law of human nature, and this is the Gresham law.

Neither Mr. Bryan, Senator Stewart, Jones (of Nevada), Teller or any other Senator, except Tillman of South Carolina, has the temerity to deny that the Gresham law is as infallible as the law of gravitation. In fact it may be called "the law of gravitation for money." A stone may be held in the air by a string and the Gresham law be suspended by popular faith in the ability of a government to redeem its promises; but, let the string be broken and the faith be lost, the gold will gravitate as surely as the stone, and will gravitate out of sight, as it did in the Atlantic States, early in 1862.

While Mr. Bryan would not venture to deny the infallibility of the Gresham law, he is advocating the abandonment of the gold, standard value-measure, and, at the same time, promising the people a more plentiful supply of money through the free coinage of silver dollars. If Mr. Bryan would only explain, in a businesslike way, *how* the free coinage of silver could result in a more plentiful supply of money, it would bring to his support many thousand voters who are now opposing him.

He will surely admit that, if free silver coinage were enacted and the gold value-measure abandoned, the government could no longer maintain the present volume of silver money and uncovered paper at par with gold. Admitting this, he must either deny the principle of the Gresham law or admit, also, that the enactment of free silver coinage would be a signal for the sudden disappearance of gold (if it had not disappeared in advance) and the shrinkage, in *purchasing* power, of our entire stock of silver and uncovered paper to the commercial value-measure of silver, while all the full tender silver, $548,400,000; the legal tender notes (old issue), $346,681,000; and legal-tender notes (act of July 14, 1890), $151,140,568—making a total of $1,046,221,568, would still have the *paying* power of gold. There is no rhetoric in these statements, but simple mathematics and economical truths, and the showing is dreadful.

Let us now investigate the prospect of a more plentiful supply of money promised by Mr. Bryan from the enactment of free silver coinage. The estimated stock of money in the United States, November 1, 1895, as per the last report of the Director of the mint, was as follows:

Gold	$618,100,000
Silver	625,600,000
Uncovered paper	416,700,000
Total, at parity with gold	$1,660,400,000
Deduct the gold that would disappear	618,100,000
Leaving in silver and paper	$1,042,300,000
With the silver dollar worth 53 cents, the shrinkage in value from present par would be 47 per cent., or	489,881,000
The gold value of the stock of money in the United States would then be	$552,419,000

Recapitulation.

Present stock of money at parity with gold	$1,660,400,000
Gold value of stock, after deducting loss and shrinkage	552,419,000
Loss in purchasing power, from that of present stock	$1,107,981,000

It is manifest that the above loss, in purchasing power, from the purchasing power of the present stock, would have to be made up, by the coinage of silver dollars, before Mr. Bryan's promise of a more plentiful supply of money could be realized. How long would this take? For the twenty-two years ending with 1894, the commercial value of the entire product of silver from mines in the United States averaged $41,204,455 a year, and the greatest product, in value, for any one year was $57,630,000. Suppose the average value of the silver product, under the stimulus of free coinage, should reach the liberal estimate of $60,000,000 a year; that the coining capacity of the mint could be enlarged so that it could all be coined into dollars, and that the dollars be worth 53 cents, each, which is considerably more than the value of the Mexican "sun dollar" that contains more silver than ours. Then, it appears that, if free silver coinage were enacted, it would require between eighteen and nineteen years to make up the loss that would ensue in the purchasing power of our present stock of money, under the infallible operation of Gresham's law, and the people would have to wait at least that long for a more plentiful supply of money.

Mr. Bryan prophesies that the free coinage of silver would cause a great advance in the price of the white metal, and he seems to rely upon this to escape the operation of the Gresham law; but, unfortunately for him and those who share his views, the price of silver, in the long-run, is influenced largely by about 750,000,000 Asiatics; and, moreover, the mint reports of the United States show a steady decline (with some fluctuations) in the price of silver, ever since the passage of the Bland act, in 1878, down to 1895, with no signs of recovery. In other words, they show that the more silver the mining interest of the United States has forced upon our people in false measures of value, the lower the price of silver bullion has fallen. This is stated as a coincidence, not as an argument, except so far as it may cast doubt upon Mr. Bryan's inspiration as a prophet.

One plank of Mr. Bryan's platform demands the retirement of all national-bank notes and the issue of paper money (without limit) direct by the Treasury Department, on faith. This would be "faith cure" with a vengeance. Mr. Bryan emphatically endorses this plank with the others. As no basis can be found in the project of free silver coinage for his promise to the people of a more plentiful supply of money, he must ground his promise on the scheme to issue direct from the Treasury Department an unlimited amount of legal tender, irredeemable paper. This scheme is so utterly populistic and anarchistic that it is beyond the range of serious discussion. It may be said, however, that if Mr. Bryan were elected and his platform in this regard carried into effect, and the country flooded with legal tender, irredeemable paper, as it surely would be, the inevitable and infallible operation of the Gresham law would cause all the silver coin as well as the gold to disappear from the circulation, just as the issue of legal-tender notes caused both to disappear in 1862, for an indefinite period. Then would the silver men be sorely vexed with themselves. **R. Gibbons.**

WITH THE SOLAR-ECLIPSE EXPEDITIONS ON THE ISLAND OF YESSO.

The total phase of the eclipse of the sun on the 9th of August was visible only in the most inaccessible places, necessitating almost endless journeys on the part of the astronomers into localities where the foreigner seldom penetrates. After undergoing hardships amounting nearly to privation in a climate almost unbearable from dampness, they met with, as a final depressing blow, after, in some cases, months of preparatory labor, the deplorable result of the absolute failure of the enterprise. A dense fog obscured the phenomenon so completely that the sun showed, but for moments at a time, simply as a lighter, ever-changing crescent through the leaden mist.

The path of totality, but slightly over a hundred miles in width, came from the broad Pacific on to the most northerly island of the Japanese Empire, Yesso, touching its eastern end and passing along the northeast coast, crossed the Japan Sea to eastern Siberia. Then moving northwest across that barren country and over Van Diemen's Land, it touched the coast of Norway and again went out to sea.

Van Diemen's Land was considered by some of the astronomers the best point for observation, but its inaccessibility precluded the possibility of its selection. Siberia was for the same reason set aside, and there remained but Norway and Yesso to choose between. The Englishmen divided their forces and sent an expedition to each place. The Americans, for several reasons, chose Yesso; the French did likewise; and naturally the Japanese astronomers went to their own most northern province, Hokkaido, which covers the island of Yesso. All but the American expeditions were conveyed, together with their bulky apparatus, from Yokohama directly to their observation stations upon men-of-war belonging to their various governments. The two American expeditions were compelled to look out for themselves, relying upon the uncertainties of small Japanese coasting steamers, with their most improbable connections and absolute discomforts. The great Japanese steamship company, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, did all that was in their power by carrying apparatus without charge and extending free passage to the astronomers, while the imperial government did everything to make the expeditions welcome, and even sent representatives to the various stations to see that everything possible was done for the visitors' welfare.

Meteorological observations extending over a period of the last three years had been taken by the Japanese along the path of totality to determine the localities where the most favorable weather conditions prevailed suitable for observations, and it was ascertained that the town of Akkeshi, on the southeast coast, was as free from the fogs which prevail about Yesso during the summer months as any other locality. Four eclipse expeditions, therefore, made their headquarters in that little fishing village: The Lick Observatory Eclipse Expedition of the University of California, the Joint Eclipse Committee of the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society, the Expedition of the Imperial University, Tokyo, and one from the Japanese Naval Academy.

Professor Todd, of Amherst College, located at Esachi, in the northern part of Yesso, as did also the French expedition under M. des Landres, and a second expedition from the Imperial University, Tokyo, under Professor Terao.

The British expedition was composed of Mr. Christie, the Astronomer Royal from the Greenwich Observatory, Professor H. H. Turner, of Oxford, and Captain E. H. Hills, R.E. Their equipment consisted of a Thompson photo-heliograph with an 11-foot tube, 9-inch object-glass, and secondary magnifier, giving a 4-inch image of the sun, fitted with a 16-inch plane mirror mounted as a cœlostat; a double photographic camera, 6 feet in length, with polariscope attached giving sun images of 1½ inches and ½ inch, fitted with a mirror as above; and two slit spectroscopes for the spectrum of the corona with a heliostat. In the operation of their instruments the astronomers were assisted by five officers and six men from H M.S. *Linnet*, which brought Mr. Christie to Akkeshi.

The Lick Observatory Expedition was sent out at the expense of Colonel Charles T. Crocker, of San Francisco, one of the regents of the University of California, and consisted of Professor John M. Schaeberle, astronomer at the Lick Observatory, Charles Burckhalter, of the Chabot Observatory, Oakland, California, with Louis C. H. Masten, of San Francisco, and Dr. G. E. Shuey, of Oakland, volunteer assistants. They were accompanied by Mr. Henroku Yasaka, of Tokyo, as government representative and official interpreter, who, equipped with a 36-inch focus camera fitted with a Dallmeyer lense with 6-inch aperture, proceeded to Abashiri, some two days' journey into the interior. In order to make the chance of having favorable weather conditions still greater, Dr. Shuey, with a reflecting telescope of 12-inch aperture, pushed on overland on horseback for four days to Mombetsu, on the northeast coast, while Mr. Kitamura, of Akkeshi, carried a solar camera with objective having a 6-inch aperture belonging to the party seven miles from the coast to the town of Otamura.

The main observing station was situated in a picturesque garden in the rear of a tea-house on the outskirts of Akkeshi. A miniature mountain in the centre furnished the support for Professor Schaeberle's instrument, while grouped about it were those of the rest of the party. Mr. Burckhalter presided over an equatorially mounted telescope of 15-feet focus with a 4-inch objective which covered a 10×12 photographic plate. He was prepared to put to its first practical test his very clever invention for exposing the plate so that each part of the corona would have a proper length of time, thereby getting an impression of the entire corona on one plate, instead of making separate negatives for the different distances from the moon by giving short exposures for detail near the edge and longer ones for detail further out. His device consists of a revolving screen so shaped as to expose the different distances from the centre their proper lengths of time, which is operated rapidly over the face of the plate by clock-work from behind, through a hole pierced in the centre of the plate, which, coming in the centre of the moon's image, would not interfere with the corona. Mr. Masten had charge of a 5-foot photo-telescope with 5 inch aperture and two smaller cameras, while the writer was equipped with his two long-focus cameras with telephoto objectives. Professor Douglas H. Campbell, of the University of California, was appointed as artist to sketch the appearance of the corona in water-colors. The necessary assistants were one officer and two men from H.M.S. *Linnet* and seven residents of Akkeshi. After all this preparation, including daily drills in the proceedings to be gone through at the critical moment, the astronomers were doomed to disappointment, and they left Akkeshi without a single result of their labors.

Professor Schaeberle's instrument deserves a more detailed description because of its uniqueness and effectiveness, as had been previously demonstrated by a similar one, the first of its kind, with which he obtained the excellent results at Mina Bronches, Chile, on the 16th of April, 1893. His invention is a canvas camera of 39 feet 9 inches focus. The tube consists of a long canvas box tapering from four feet square at its base to one foot square at the objective end. This canvas tube is hung inside of and stretched to a frame of small iron pipe, and at its base enters an A tent of the same material, lined, as is the tube, with black cloth. The tent is of sufficient size to accommodate the plate carriers and holders and the professor himself. The carrier for the plate-holder is moved by clock-work over a light steel frame on a plane at right angles with the line of vision at the exact speed necessary to keep the image central. The objective has a 6-inch aperture, and, like the plate-carrier, rests upon its own foundation, so that no possible movement of the tube could affect the result. The camera, as it is absolutely fixed, requires the greatest accuracy in locating, so that the image at the moment of eclipse shall fall in the centre of the photographic plate.

Although the weather had been foggy a great part of the time during the weeks of preparation, the morning of August 8 broke bright and clear, and a day with cloudless sky and brilliant sun raised the hopes and spirits of the astronomers to the highest pitch. Eclipse time came, and the various rehearsals were conducted for the last time with suppressed enthusiasm and expectancy. At five o'clock, however, a dense fog from the bank which always overhangs the North Pacific drifted in from the east, changing the sunny day to dreary evening.

The men worked late into the night getting their plates in readiness, and then awoke early to find a cold gray morning. Occasionally the fog would lighten, but again to sweep down in drifting masses. By ten o'clock everything was in readiness, and the five hours intervening were most trying to all. Anxiety was depicted on every countenance, and although the prospects of its clearing were very slight, yet every one scanned the clouds continuously, and each chance lightening of the mist was eagerly watched with the hope that it might be the forerunner of one of the occasional clearings when the fog rolls up like a curtain, leaving naught but sunshine behind. Before two o'clock all the assistants had gathered around their respective stations, and the local inhabitants had begun congregating outside of the enclosure formed by ropes. These simple people, to whom the foreigner and his ways were almost unknown, came silently and wonderingly, scarcely speaking above a whisper, and hardly needing the admonitions of the native police, who, dressed in their white military uniforms and wearing swords, strolled back and forth within the lines. By two o'clock a depressing gloom had settled upon the observers, and when, less than ten minutes later, Professor Schaeberle, watch in hand, announced "first contact," not an eye could pierce the fog. Scarcely a word was uttered, until he remarked, shortly after, "The moon has taken quite a piece out of the sun by this time"; and then through a thinning of the mist came the verification of his statement, and the sun showed faintly for several minutes. Smoked glass was quite unnecessary, as the image was so faint. At intervals for an hour it thus appeared, causing great astonishment among the natives. At a quarter after three every man was at his post, and one of them commenced the beating of seconds on a wooden box, by the aid of a chronometer, to enable the photographers to give exact exposures. The daylight faded rapidly for a while, then the darkness seemed to come in waves, until at the totality a dim sickening greenish light prevailed, giving a weird aspect to the already strange surroundings. During the slightly more than two minutes of totality every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the corona, without success. The photographers stood with their hands on the lense caps ready for action, but the plates remained unexposed, and the beating of every second cut shorter the life of hope. Suddenly, not as it came, but rolling away swiftly, the darkness swept aside, leaving in the sky the faintest outline of a narrow crescent, which soon was lost in fog.

Then came the reaction. Months of preparation had come to naught; the hopes of the year were blasted, science had lost another opportunity, and the eclipse of 1896 was at an end. The following day was bright and clear.

George Marshall Allen.

Yokohama, *August 20, 1896.*

WHEN POLLY PLAYED FOR DANCING.

When Polly played for dancing, her slender fingers flew
Across the flashing ivory keys as if they winked at you.
The music bubbled under the magic of her hand
As if the very notes were mad to join the festive band.

When Polly struck the measure of two-step or of waltz,
The oldest there grew young again and laughed at Time's assaults;
While lovely Sweet and Twenty, and happy Sweet Sixteen,
Went floating light as thistle-down the merry staves between.

When Polly played the lancers, you should have seen us bow,
And weave the figures out and in. Would we were dancing now,
With Polly playing bravely, and all the old set there,
Till who'd believe 'twas midnight by the clock upon the stair?

Then Polly played as gayly as the youngest heart can feel,
And, lad and lass, we danced amain the blithe Virginia reel.
If Cupid sped his arrows, be sure his aim was true,
When Polly played for dancing, and the hours fairly flew.

Margaret E. Sangster.

NEW UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIPS.

Bids for the construction of the new battle-ships *Pennsylvania*, *California*, and *Alabama* were opened at the Navy Department on the 14th inst. Although $3,750,000 was provided by Congress for the building of each vessel, exclusive of the armament, the department expected the estimates would, on account of the number of capable builders and the prevailing low prices for material, fall below these figures, but was not prepared for the remarkably low and close bidding that ensued. Heretofore ship-builders, in calculating the cost of naval vessels, made allowance for the premiums for increased speed, but as this feature is eliminated in the present instance, the low prices named make their cheap cost the more astonishing. The bids ranged very closely around $2,650,000, or more than $1,000,000 less per ship than the estimate of the department. No awards have at this writing been made, but it is generally supposed that one vessel will be constructed by each of the following well-known concerns, the Cramps at Philadelphia, the Union Iron-Works at San Francisco, and the Newport News Co. in Virginia.

These vessels combine the best features of the *Iowa* and *Kearsarge* types, modified by such advances as experience has suggested as most desirable. In general appearance they will more nearly resemble the latter vessel, the two principal *apparent* differences being the absence of the double-deck turrets with their superposed batteries, and the arrangement of the smoke-stacks athwartship instead of fore and aft—the latter feature after the English style.

Their general dimensions and principal features are: Length of load water-line, 368 feet; extreme beam, 72 feet 2.5 inches; freeboard forward, 19 feet 6.9 inches; freeboard aft, 13 feet 6 inches; normal displacement, 11,525 tons; mean draught, 23 feet 6 inches; indicated horse-power (estimated), 10,000; speed per hour (estimated), 16 knots; normal coal supply, 800 tons; total bunker capacity, 1200 tons. Batteries: main—four 13-inch breech-loading rifles; fourteen 6-inch rapid-fire breech-loading rifles. Secondary—seventeen 6-pounder rapid-fire guns; four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns; four machine-guns; one field-gun. The four above-water torpedo-tubes are placed two on each broadside amidships, and will fire through an arc of sixty degrees. The four 13-inch guns are mounted in pairs in two balanced barbette turrets of Harveyized armor 15 inches thick, augmented on the slanting faces by two more inches. Two of the 6-inch rifles will be placed amidship on each side, firing through an armored citadel of steel six inches thick. Below, on the main-deck, behind the casemate armor amidships, four more of these 6-inch rifles will constitute a broadside battery. Forward of these guns, one on each side, protected by six inches of armor, will be two isolated 6-inch rifles. The secondary battery is distributed over the ship in places customary for their special work.

The hull will be protected by a water-line belt of a maximum thickness of 16½ inches, with a mean depth of 7½ feet. This belt will extend from the stern to abreast the after-barbette, and will maintain its maximum thickness from that point forward to the forward barbette, gradually tapering to 4 inches at the stem. From the top of the side-belt up to the upper deck the sides will be re-enforced by 5½ inches of hardened steel, backed below the main-deck by a belt of corn-pith cellulose and full coal-bunkers. Athwartship bulkheads 12 inches thick will run inboard to the barbettes from each end of the thickest part of the side-armor; and on top of the four walls so formed a flat protective deck 2¾ inches thick will rest. Below, and within the space embraced by this heavy steel box, will be placed the engines, boilers, magazines, and shell-rooms. Slanting decks, running from the top of the heavy athwartship bulkheads to the stem and stern, will form the continuation of the flat protective deck. This deck will be 4 inches thick aft and 3 inches thick forward.

The ships will be propelled by two triple-expansion engines, each in its own water-tight compartment, having cylinders 33.5, 51, and 78 inches in diameter. Eight large boilers, in four water-tight compartments, will furnish steam at a working pressure of 180 pounds. Forced draught will be maintained by blowers in each fire-room.

There will be two fighting stations. The one just beneath the chart-house will be of steel 10 inches thick; the other, aft the main-mast, will be 6 inches thick.

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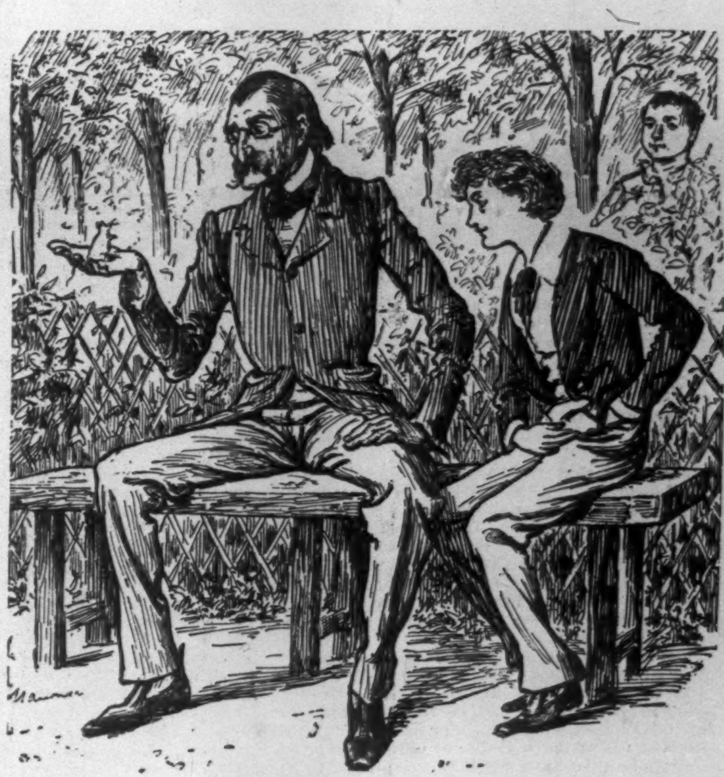

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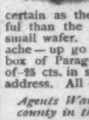

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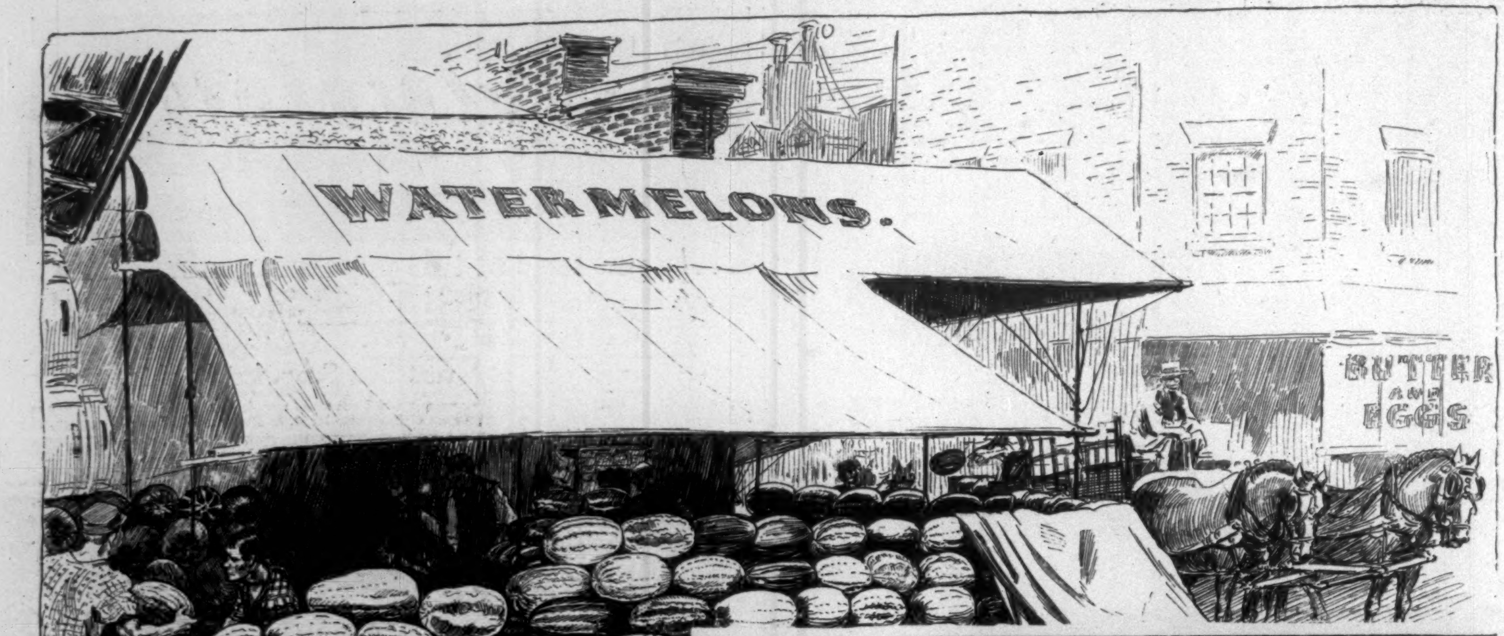

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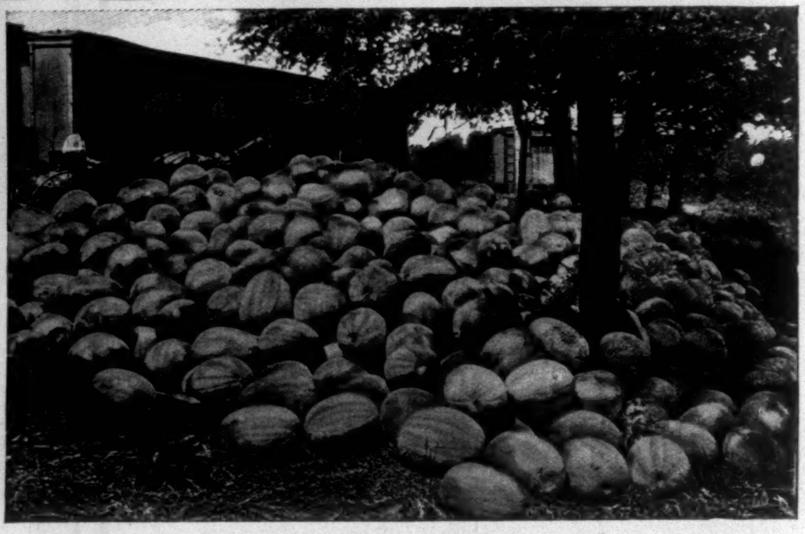


READY FOR SHIPMENT AT A FLORIDA CROSSING.

WATERMELONS.

MILLIONS OF MELONS.

There are watermelons and watermelons grown all over the Union, but the true Southern watermelon, says Mark Twain in one of his serious moods, "is a boon apart, and not to be mentioned with common things. It is chief of this world's luxuries, king by the grace of God over all the fruits of the earth. When one has tasted it, he knows what the angels eat. It was not a Southern watermelon that Eve took; we know it because she repented."

And to think that the Southern Rattlesnake watermelon should have been denied so long to the people of the North! Before the war the watermelon was one of the luxuries of plantation life. It was the planter's perquisite and the darky's dream. Some time after the war the Southern steamers began bringing up "jags" of melons, five and ten thousand at a time, to the Philadelphia and New York markets. The melons brought good prices, and many growers were encouraged to send larger shipments the next season.

Thus it is less than ten years since the first heavy shipments of watermelons were made from the South to Northern markets, yet within that time they have captured those markets, and the Georgia watermelon has become a household name. The railroads have established fruit-lines, and under the stimulus of cheap and rapid transportation Southern watermelons are shipped to Northern States by the millions.

Last year the number of cars shipped from the watermelon-fields of Georgia alone was between 7000 and 8000. As each car holds about 1200 melons, the reader can obtain some idea of the magnitude of the Georgia crop, which will aggregate from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 melons annually.

In fact, the season of 1895 will go down as one of the worst in the history of melon-raising in the South, although the acreage planted to melons was the largest ever known. The good prices and big profits of 1893-4 tempted scores of farmers to raise some melons, and in the melon district almost every man who owned an acre of ground and a mule had his melon-patch. As one shrewd farmer remarked to me, "My neighbors thought it a right smart thing to go raising melons, but I reckon they know better this year."

The result was that last summer the markets of New York and other large Northern cities were glutted, and most of the growers lost money on their melons. Great heaps of melons were brought to the railroad stations and there left to rot on the ground. The growers were afraid to ship the melons at the current prices, and the railroad companies would not carry them unless the charges were paid in advance. And it would be safe to say that several hundred thousand melons were allowed to decay on the vines in field, and large quantities besides were fed to the hogs and cattle.

Last year it was estimated that 70,000 acres were planted in melons in the South Atlantic States. This year the acreage has been reduced to about 55,000 acres, which is still one-half of the melon acreage of the entire country. The reports from different parts of the Georgia melon districts indicate an average crop of watermelons this summer, even with the reduced acreage.

The first ripe melons that find their way into the New York market come from Florida the first week in June. They bring good prices, often as high as $250 a car, or from 20 to 25 cents apiece. The dealers get from $25 to $40 a hundred. But the prices go down at a lively rate as soon as watermelons from southern Georgia arrive by the tens of thousands.

Then the watermelon season is in "full swing," as the commission-dealers say, and usually about August 1 the season is at its height. The average price is about $50 a car, and as an acre of good ground will yield two carloads, it will be seen that the watermelon is a profitable crop in ordinary seasons.

Southern Georgia is the land of watermelons. Here the watermelon is king; for here everybody believes in watermelons. The melon-fields extend from ten to a hundred acres. Vines covering fifty and sixty acres of ground are not an uncommon sight. Some growers have cleared $5000 on their watermelon crop alone. Those who do not make a specialty of watermelons have from five to ten acres. This acreage will bring at least $500, or at the rate of $50 per acre.

The watermelon district of southern Georgia extends all the way from Thomasville, near the Florida line, to Albany. These two places are headquarters of the watermelon crop, although immense quantities are shipped from the many other stations in the district.

There is a watermelon belt along the banks of the Savannah River, both on the Georgia and South Carolina sides, all the way south from the city of Augusta almost to Savannah on the coast. This includes the great watermelon section of South Carolina, which follows in the main the line of the Port Royal and Augusta Railroad. The watermelon crop in this belt is two or three weeks later than that of southern Georgia.

It is no wonder that so many people have gone into raising watermelons, for the vines grow and thrive with little care or cultivation, the yield is usually good, and the profits larger than from the same area in cotton. All the work necessary is to plough the ground, plant the seeds, and keep down the weeds by going over the field two or three times during the season with a harrow. The seeds are planted in March, and the Georgia crop is ready for market by the 1st of July.

Several varieties of watermelons are grown, but the most prominent are the "Kolb Gem," the "Rattlesnake," and the "Augusta." The best melon, and one that is mostly raised for shipping, is the Kolb Gem. The Rattlesnake is claimed to be the sweetest watermelon in the world, but on account of its thin rind it is not desirable for shipping long distances. However, hundreds of car-loads of Rattlesnakes are shipped North every season.

Of late years the watermelon crop has arrived in Northern markets in better condition than ever before. The melons are now picked when ripe, as it is only fifty hours after leaving the vine along the Savannah when the luscious product whets the Philadelphia and New York appetite. After the melons are "pulled," they are placed on a layer of pine straw in two-horse wagons and hauled to the railroad station. The smaller illustration shows a familiar scene at Dietzen's Crossing, during the season, on the southwestern division of the Central Railroad of Georgia. Last summer this road alone handled 3000 carloads of melons, besides immense quantities of peaches, pears, and other fruit.

The commission-dealers or agents do not want melons that weigh less than eighteen or twenty pounds. The large growers of melons have their scales at the station, and when a melon is small it is weighed, and if found wanting is thrown aside.

The melons are packed into a car on the side-track, having a layer of pine straw on the bottom of the car. Those of regular size and shape form the lower part of the pile, and those of irregular size are put on top. When the "special melon train" comes along, the car is hitched on, and away it goes on its two days' journey Northward, side-tracking everything that gets in the way, even passenger trains.

Each day for weeks car-load after car-load of melons rolls over the railroads leading into Jersey City. Each car, as we have said, will hold about 1200 melons, and when the melon trains dump their shipments the big freight depots present sights worth travelling across town to behold. The striped and dark green balloons are ranged in great piles. Each pile belongs to some dealer, and often bears his name. Although thousands of melons come on each train-load, every one must be checked off and compared with the bill of lading. Of course a few melons are broken in transit, and at the docks and depots you will find a crowd of gamins desperately begging the longshoremen or the drivers for a broken bit: "Say, boss, just t'row me dat chunk—do, please." You will find your colored brother eagerly eying the beautiful melons, hoping against hope that one stray melon might fall his way, and only those who have seen the Southern darky in watermelon-time can appreciate his deepest feelings when he sings:

> "Oh, see dat watermillion a-smilin' thew de fence!
>   How I wish dat watermillion it was mine!
> De white folks must be foolish to lef' it dar alone,
>   A-smilin' at me from de vine."

Lee J. Vance.

AMATEVR · SPORT

Polo effectually established itself in popular esteem during the championship series on the Prospect Park Parade-Ground last week and the week before. In no previous tournament had such a concourse of people gathered as witnessed the final match (September 14) between the Rockaway and Meadow Brook teams; and only around the gridiron at a great football match has the play of contestants been followed with equal interest and received with such enthusiasm. One side of the field was entirely lined with coaches, and the spectators that filled these and the dozens of other traps, and stood around the ropes four or five deep, have been variously estimated from 18,000 to 20,000. Another year much improvement could be made by not permitting inside the ropes so many men, who shut off the view of those behind them, and interfere with those on the side-lines for the purpose of following the play closely. Badges should be issued for those entitled to such privilege, and the police instructed to keep out all others.

The struggle for the championship provided probably the most exciting game polo has yet given us, and certainly two teams could not have been more evenly matched, nor the result closer. Of goals scored by actual play, each side made eight; of penalties for safety goals and fouls, Meadow Brook had 1¾ goals recorded against it to 1 charged to Rockaway. And thus Rockaway won, on the referee's ruling, by ¾ goal.

There was a deal of bold, not to say reckless, riding incidental to a match so warmly contested, and the referee's decision frequently demanded. It must be confessed that from the side-lines it looked as though the referee's judgment was twice at fault, and Meadow Brook each time the sufferer. In the second period, when Hitchcock collided with Cowdin and the latter claimed foul, it was allowed, although the ball was over the line and out of play at the moment of the collision. In the third period Baldwin was fouled by G. Eustis, but his protest ignored by the referee. This is not to say that Meadow Brook lost the match through unfair ruling, for even granting it was mulcted one foul undeservedly and entitled to one not allowed, that would assure only a paper victory, and make no allowance for what in actual play its stimulating effect might have been to the other side. Where penalties run so small as a quarter and a half goal, it is altogether sophistical to discuss after a game what the result would have been had "this" been permitted or "that" prohibited, or "So-and-so" done this or that. Meadow Brook had the worst of that indefinable element in all match play, luck; but Rockaway is entitled to full credit for its hard-earned and well-merited victory.

Rockaway practically won the championship in the first period. At all times they were a bit the better mounted, especially in the latter part of the last period, but it was their aggressive and concerted attack in the first period that unquestionably carried the day. Rockaway began the match quite after the manner Yale has made familiar at Springfield in the opening play against Harvard. And Meadow Brook were swept off their feet, just as so often the crimson eleven has been.

Almost simultaneously with the throw-in, play was transferred to Meadow Brook territory, where the accurate strokes of Keene and sharp work of Stevens compelled first Hitchcock and subsequently Nicoll to make a safety each to prevent Rockaway scoring. There were several minutes of strong defensive work by Meadow Brook, but they had evidently been staggered by the vigorous assault of Rockaway, and Stevens secured the ball as it was driven out from behind the goal-line, and by a couple of well-directed strokes made the first goal before Meadow Brook appeared to realize the ball was in play.

On the throw-in Baldwin managed to get away to within striking distance of the Rockaway goal after a hard gallop, but lost the ball, and Stevens again raced around the remaining Meadow Brook men, and had another goal in a jiffy.

Cowdin was off like a shot on the next throw-in, and had the ball again close up to the Meadow Brook goal, when Hitchcock and Baldwin got it from him, and by pretty team-work carried it back, Baldwin scoring the first goal for his side.

Rockaway set upon Meadow Brook at even greater pace when the ball was again put in play, Cowdin and Keene playing into each other's hands in masterful fashion, and eventually scoring through a fine shot of Cowdin's, though not until Hitchcock, Baldwin, and Nicoll had each saved his goal, and together made a stout defence. Meadow Brook by now had partially recovered from the shock of Rockaway's initial charge, and was getting together. It was somewhat over seven minutes before the next goal was scored, and meantime Baldwin, aided by Nicoll, who had got the ball from Keene, ran down the field, and missed goal by only a few inches. The ball now travelled across and up and down the field, until Keene took it from Baldwin in a scrimmage and scored quickly. Meadow Brook was getting stronger with every stride, and within a minute of the end of the period forced Cowdin to make a safety. Hitchcock got in a good stroke as the ball came in, and was following it well on towards the Rockaway goal for a second when blocked by G. Eustis, who in turn lost the ball to Nicoll, who, by strong play and well-directed stroke, made Meadow Brook's second goal. The corrected score at the end of the first period read, Rockaway 3¾ goals to Meadow Brook 1 goal.

Meadow Brook began the second period as Rockaway had opened the first. Baldwin started by securing the ball after a short scrimmage, and, well supported by Hitchcock and W. Eustis, after a furious dash down the field, and several checks, which Meadow Brook overcame by good team-work, made a goal in less than two minutes. Hitchcock followed by an equally good attempt, after charging through the Rockaway team, but lost his direction, and W. Eustis ran the ball over the side-line. The throw-in was near the Rockaway goal, and G. Eustis drove out but a short one, which W. Eustis stopped skilfully and returned for a goal. W. Eustis was as cleverly prominent in the next goal; securing the ball on the throw-in, he carried it clear of the opposing forwards, and in five strokes and fifteen seconds he had scored another goal for Meadow Brook, and put his team ¼ goal in the lead for the championship of '96.

Meanwhile Rockaway had not lessened the speed of their play, and Cowdin and Keene were doing some strong defensive work, while Stevens filled the position of No. 1 as he had done only a few times before. It was over eight minutes before another goal was scored, the ball travelling up and down the field and being repeatedly sent out at the sides and ends. It was during this time that Cowdin and Hitchcock came together, just as the ball crossed the bounds, and Meadow Brook was penalized a foul. W. Eustis caught the ball cleverly on the rebound from the side-line boards, and started it by a well-executed stroke, and nothing between him and the Rockaway goal. He was too eager, however, and overrode, when Keene picked up the ball, and by a neat cross-drive sent it to Stevens, who scored goal.

There was clever work all round, and perhaps no man on the field was of greater value to his team than Nicoll, who time and again saved the ball from a dangerous approach to the Meadow Brook goal. Nor did any period of the game more fully illustrate the skill which makes Keene the ranking player, all things considered, of American polo. It is not alone his brilliant shots, for those come to several other players, though not so frequently, but the two strong points in Keene's play are—his direction in hitting and his position during a rush down field or in a scrimmage. No matter in what part of the field, or how encumbered by opponents, when he hits the ball it is always sent towards the goal. And he is just where he can be of greatest service when the ball comes out of a scrimmage. He is always where he ought to be. This, too, is the crowning feature of Cowdin's play, between whom and Keene there is slight difference in skill. Keene is more brilliantly aggressive, and makes such marvellous strokes as no man even approached until the distinguished development of Baldwin this year; but Cowdin is his equal in all-round efficacy and for careful, accurate work at critical moments—possibly his superior.

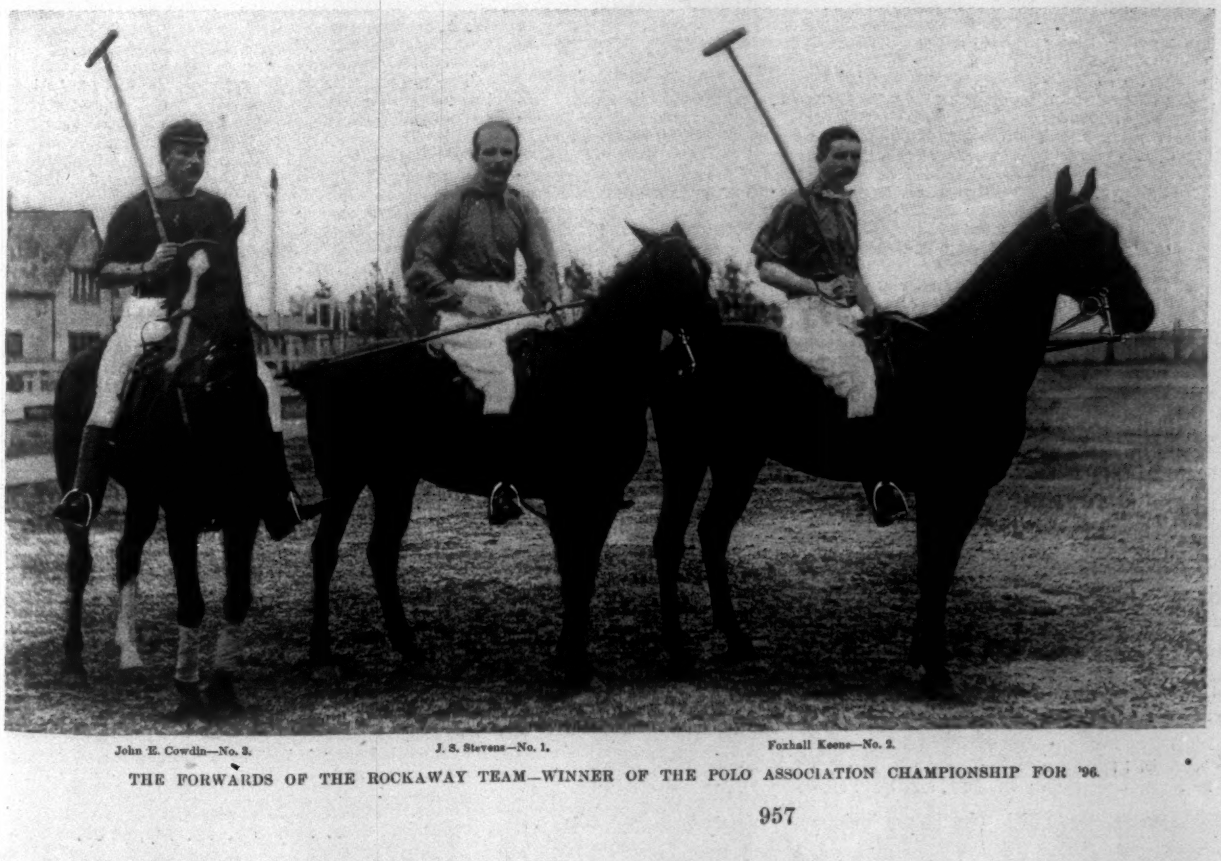
More skilful polo or expert horsemanship has never been seen on this side the water, certainly, than that revealed during this match, and especially at this time of the second period.

Rockaway's next goal demonstrated to a nicety that deliberation, when needed, which makes Cowdin a consummate match-player. The ball had been driven out by Cowdin close to the Meadow Brook posts, and on Nicoll's putting it in play Baldwin carried it to the centre of the field, and with every prospect of scoring, when he made a bad miss, and Keene took the ball and held it until Nicoll rode him off, when he sent it to Cowdin, who, with W. Eustis and Hitchcock charging at him furiously, amidst momentous excitement, did not allow himself to be rushed into hurried and perhaps uncertain work, but deliberately dribbled the ball into position for a single goal-scoring stroke.

THE POLO CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

The remaining six minutes of play in this second period were full of fast clever work by the forwards of both sides, and timely backing by Nicoll. Keene, Cowdin, Hitchcock, and Baldwin showed notable team-work, and the ball was carried first to one and then to the other end of the field, Meadow Brook making at one time a splendid save of goal. Baldwin, who was very sure on the ball, but whose gray pony almost nullified its fleetness by slow turning, performed brilliantly in the closing play of the period, and lost a goal by a very small margin, after a foul which was not allowed against his opponent. Corrected score for second period: Meadow Brook, 2¼ goals; Rockaway, 2. Corrected score for the two periods: Rockaway, 5¾ goals; Meadow Brook, 3¼.

The third period began with clever rushing by the forwards and desperate riding all round, that merited more penalties than it received. It seems as if some good might result from increasing the penalty for fouling to three-quarters of a goal or to even one goal. Fortunately the magnificent horsemanship of the men spared them from distressing accidents. Only two were unhorsed throughout the match, and they escaped without a scratch. Hitchcock and W. Eustis opened the last period by some very lively forward work, which enabled them to keep the ball in Rockaway territory most of the time, although it was once sent back toward their own goal by Cowdin, and again by Stevens. Backed by Nicoll, however, Hitchcock again had possession of it, and after blocking Stevens, eventually scored, within three minutes from the beginning of the period. Fifteen seconds later, following a miss by Keene, and well sup-


John E. Cowdin—No. 3. J. S. Stevens—No. 1. Foxhall Keene—No. 2.

THE FORWARDS OF THE ROCKAWAY TEAM—WINNER OF THE POLO ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP FOR '96.

ported by Baldwin, Hitchcock scored another goal. Shortly after this G. Eustis fouled W. Eustis, being penalized, and the score stood at 5¼ goals all; even for the second time during the match.

THERE WERE EIGHT MINUTES of desperate play, with the ball travelling all over the field, and as often in the territory of one side as in that of the other, before Cowdin made the next goal, after a pretty place hit by Keene. Less than two minutes thereafter, Nicoll made a sensational play by driving out the ball to Hitchcock, who carried it to Baldwin, who was ridden off, and Nicoll, coming up with a rush, drove between the Rockaway goal posts, and the score stood at 6¼ goals all; even for the third time.

The next eight minutes were a prolonged scrimmage, broken by occasional flight of the forwards from one end of the field to the other. At these times Stevens's superior mounting told heavily in Rockaway's favor, and finally put him in position to score on Keene's place of Hitchcock's drive. Only five minutes of play remained, and Meadow Brook put forth every endeavor to score. Rockaway had evidently saved their fastest ponies for a supreme effort at the finish, and Meadow Brook could not catch them, or break up Keene and Cowdin's fine team-play, aided by what in football parlance may be called Stevens's flying interference. Cowdin was forced to a safety, but that was the end of point-making, and when the end came, Rockaway had won the championship by a score of 7 goals to 6¼.

Recapitulation:

FIRST PERIOD.

(Safeties against Meadow Brook by Hitchcock and Nicoll.)

First goal.—Stevens—Rockaway.
Second goal.—Stevens—Rockaway.
Third goal.—Baldwin—Meadow Brook.
Fourth goal.—Cowdin—Rockaway.
Fifth goal.—Keene—Rockaway.
(Foul against Meadow Brook by Nicoll.)

Corrected score for period: Rockaway, 3¾ goals; Meadow Brook, 1 goal.

SECOND PERIOD.

First goal.—Baldwin—Meadow Brook.
Second goal.—W. C. Eustis—Meadow Brook.
Third goal.—W. C. Eustis—Meadow Brook.
Fourth goal.—Stevens—Rockaway.
(Foul against Meadow Brook by Hitchcock.)
Fifth goal.—Cowdin—Rockaway.
(Safety against Meadow Brook by Baldwin.)

Corrected score for period: Meadow Brook, 2¾ goals; Rockaway, 2 goals.

THIRD PERIOD.

First goal.—Hitchcock—Meadow Brook.
Second goal.—Hitchcock—Meadow Brook.
(Foul against Rockaway by G. Eustis.)
Third goal.—Cowdin—Rockaway.
Fourth goal.—Nicoll—Meadow Brook.*
Fifth goal.—Stevens—Rockaway.
(Safety against Rockaway by Cowdin.)

Corrected score for period: Meadow Brook, 3 goals; Rockaway, 1¾ goals.

Summary: Rockaway, by play, 8 goals; less penalties, 1. Total, 7 goals. Meadow Brook, by play, 8 goals; less penalties, 1¾. Total, 6¼ goals.

Referee: Dr. Charles Cary, Buffalo.

The teams lined up in the following order:

Rockaway.—J. S. Stevens, No. 1; Foxhall Keene, No. 2; John E. Cowdin, No. 3; George P. Eustis, back.

Meadow Brook.—W. C. Eustis, No. 1; Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., No. 2; C. C. Baldwin, Jun., No. 3; Benjamin Nicoll, back.

IT CANNOT BE MAINTAINED with equity that either side excelled the other in general team-play. Possibly Keene and Cowdin worked together with greater skill and more *finesse* than Hitchcock and Baldwin, and considering the years they have held the same positions on the same team, their failure to slightly outclass these or any other two American opponents would be a surprise indeed. At the same time Keene was not so sure on the ball as he is usually when at top form, and made several unexpected misses. Of the two Baldwin was the surer. None the less Keene and Cowdin are the strongest two players in American polo, and if there are stronger in England they must be wonders in very truth. With the very considerable improvement made the last two or three years in the playing form of the first-class, there is not now the difference there was once between Keene and Cowdin and some of the others, but they still retain their ranking.

HITCHCOCK IS ALSO IN THE FIRST RANK, and but very little less formidable than Keene and Cowdin. Like the latter, he is a steady and continuous worker, who is always to be found where most needed. He still retains a little of the old "round game" style of play—*i. e.*, of turning the ball instead of backing it, which is quicker and generally more effective—but whatever he does is speedily and well done.

Baldwin is a novice compared with these three veterans, and yet he is perhaps the most promising player on the field to-day. He is a development of the last two years; really this year is the first he has shown high-class form. He is very sure on the ball—possibly a bit too keen on it to invariably hold his position; his strokes are strong, and direction good. In back and fore hand hitting on the near side, he probably excels any other player on the field—Keene and Cowdin included. Next to Cowdin, he is the best No. 3 on the American field.

THERE WERE NO STREAKS in Stevens's play against Meadow Brook, and although his past performances have gained him the reputation of being unreliable, he showed, on the Prospect Park Parade-Ground, that at top form he is unquestionably the best No. 1 in the country. He was superbly mounted, to be sure, but that is a *sine qua non* of first-class No. 1 play. The best No. 1 that ever put leg to horse would be mediocre if indifferently mounted. Stevens knows his position, and keeps it; he is quick to take advantage of an opening, and gets away after the ball or with it like lightning.

W. C. Eustis, while being but little inferior, is not a No. 1 of the same grade as Stevens, nor has he had so long experience by several years, but as an all-round player he is probably more serviceable to his team. He is a hard worker and a brilliant horseman. He deserves greatest credit for having developed such strong team-play in Meadow Brook, and for its splendid record this season.

Of the two backs, Nicoll was not only stronger than G. P. Eustis, but, as his play against Myopia showed the week before, so strong in his position as to leave very little choice between him and Agassiz. The Myopia back is somewhat more certain on the ball, perhaps, but it is difficult to find much difference between them. In the Meadow Brook-Myopia game neither had the advantage in back play pure and simple. For an international team, Agassiz would likely be the choice for his all-round value, but the team would not be weakened appreciably if Nicoll filled the place. His work throughout the championship series was consistently strong and often brilliant.

SPEAKING OF INTERNATIONAL TEAMS reminds me that the chances just now are very good of the United States being represented at Hurlingham next June. The chairmen of the English and American polo associations have been corresponding on the subject for some little time, and the prospect now is excellent for a mutually satisfactory arrangement of rules, trophy, etc. It is not improbable that our team for the international match may adopt the English rules that prohibit off-side and permit hooking mallets. There were moments in the Rockaway-Meadow Brook match when it looked as if practice in mallet-hooking was already under way. Whatever the result of the controversy over rules for the international match, it is to be sincerely hoped the American team will abandon mallet-hooking propensities when they set sail for home.

The strongest team we could send to England would probably be Stevens, Cowdin, Keene, and Agassiz, with Baldwin as substitute forward and Nicoll substitute back. But as Stevens, Cowdin, Keene, and G. P. Eustis are to be abroad next year, America will be represented by our full strength in the forwards, and by our third-best man, and a thoroughly good one, at back.

THE AUTUMN GOLF SEASON has opened with several very interesting tournaments, the most important of which was that held at Chicago last week, jointly by the Chicago Golf Club and the Onwentsia Club, each having three days' play on its course. The events were open, and two, particularly, were added to attract some of the Eastern players. One of these, for teams, was a direct challenge from the West to the East for a match between four or eight members of the Chicago and Onwentsia clubs, 36 holes play, and an equal number of picked Eastern men. Needless to say it would have been the greatest event in the history of American golf, and it is too bad our Eastern players did not accept the challenge. The other especial event was for the Onwentsia Cup, an open challenge trophy, at 18 holes, medal play.

J. G. Thorpe, of the Cambridge Country Club, and W. B. McCauley, of the Philadelphia Country Club, were the only Eastern players of the first class to enter. Thorpe's appearance was particularly significant, after his victory over ex-champion C. B. Macdonald and defeat by Whigham, in the national championship tournament at Southampton, and his second meeting with them was awaited with much keenness. Thorpe's work was first class from first to last of the Chicago golfing week. He played fully up to if not better than his Southampton form, but he was outclassed by both Whigham and Macdonald. When Thorpe met Macdonald on the Shinnecock links the latter was clearly out of form, and his defeat furnished the greatest surprise of that tournament. Last week Macdonald's play showed him to have regained the old form of '95 and early part of '96, and he beat Thorpe easily, while only a faulty approach and one stroke stood between him and victory over Whigham.

THE ABSENCE OF EASTERN PLAYERS by no means affected the success of the tournament. Chicago needs no foreign aid for golfing entertainment. There is a most populous home colony, enthusiastic and talented. I doubt if there are two clubs in all the East to compare with the Chicago and the Onwentsia. Probably that explains why the challenge for a team match remained unaccepted. Champion H. J. Whigham won the Scratch Medal. He was rather fortunate in the draw, having no one of any calibre to beat until he met the survivor of the first four, viz., Macdonald, Thorpe, H. J. Tweedie, and D. R. Forgan. Tweedie beat Thorpe, and Macdonald beat Forgan, and had to play 20 holes before beating Tweedie.

In the final, Whigham won from Macdonald at the last hole, owing, it seemed, to the latter's faulty approach. The scores were high class, 85 and 86; better than any of the professionals made, including James Foulis, the open champion, who tied his brother David at 88, and whose best score in the week was 86.

WHIGHAM AND MACDONALD MET AGAIN in the Onwentsia Cup and Gold Medal, lowest score 36 holes, and this time the ex-champion was at his best, and won over the champion by no less than twelve strokes, the scores being, Macdonald, 185; Whigham, 197. The Onwentsia course was wet and soggy the last two days of play, and the scores were relatively higher. Tweedie and Forgan also scored 197 in this competition; Thorpe, 200; E. S. Adams, 203; and McCauley, 207.

Mr. Thorpe made perhaps his best showing of the week in the final match for the Ravinoaks Cup, open only to "members of associated and allied clubs of the U. S. Golf Association who played their first game of golf in the United States." He drove long and accurately, and was particularly happy in his approach shots, eventually beating, somewhat easily, F. C. Farwell, who was not up to his best, and drove into about every hazard on the course.

The Consolation match brought to the front as winner Herbert Alward, whom old college men will best remember as "Bert," one of the cleverest tackles and cleanest sportsmen Harvard football ever developed. There were sixty entries in this event, most of whom have been playing since golf first began at Chicago. Alward has been playing only a year, nevertheless, without his handicap of 8, he actually beat by 15 strokes Adams, who was but 3 strokes behind Thorpe and 6 behind champion Whigham in the Onwentsia Cup event. The only man to beat Alward on actual strokes was H. J. Tweedie, whose gross score was 87 against Alward's 94, their net score being 92 and 86.

The week was a success, and we hope the Onwentsia and Chicago clubs will make another effort to bring off that match between Eastern and Western picked teams. It would be a meeting of extraordinary interest.

THE MOST NOTABLE EVENT here in Eastern early autumn golfing was the unexpectedly brilliant form of H. O., Jun., and F. C. Havemeyer in the open amateur foursomes at Newport. The Havemeyers had played through their half the entries without meeting a pair to seriously challenge their progress to the finals, and Tyng and Toler had little more difficulty in their half. Thus the Havemeyers and the Baltusrol pair met for the cups, and general opinion with one accord awarded them to Tyng and Toler, whose well-known skill and experience seemed certain to win from two boys, and comparative tyros, of eighteen and sixteen. That was what Tyng and Toler thought too. They began in great confidence, and played in fine form for nine holes, where they were three up. Then they weakened. Meanwhile the Havemeyers were playing steadily and in first-class form, H. O.'s drives being long and well directed, while the putting of F. C. was as good as any seen at Newport this year.

Tyng and Toler lost the 10th and 11th holes, won the 12th, lost the 13th and 14th, and the match was a tie, with four to play. The Baltusrol pair made a desperate effort to win, but the Havemeyer boys were playing very fast golf, and allowed their opponents but one of the remaining holes. The quality of golf played by the Havemeyers may be judged by their making the last nine holes of the match in four strokes a hole. They showed better form than has yet been exhibited by an Eastern amateur pair.

Another surprise of this tournament was the overwhelming defeat of Winthrop Rutherford and A. M. Coats, of Newport, by Jasper Lynch and Beverley Ward, of Lakewood—6 up and 5 to play. Coats put up a good strong game, but Rutherford was quite unsteady.

TUXEDO'S OPEN TOURNAMENT last week provided the first autumnal opportunity for a meeting of the so-called scratch men. Most of these entered, as well as a number of others of uncertain class but much promise. The first round left in Dr. E. C. Rushmore, the club champion, 88; C. S. Cox, 89; F. W. Menzies, 91; Price Collier, 94; Jasper Lynch, 90; H. R. Sweny, 93; E. C. Kent, 95; and R. P. Huntington, 96—the surprises being furnished by the rather indifferent showing of R. B. Kerr, 98, and A. L. Livermore, 102, as compared with that of some of the newer men, and especially by Huntington, the former lawn-tennis expert, who played a strong game in good form. He and W. B. Dinsmore each made 96, but the latter lost on the toss up, and was out.

The next round showed how really promising a player is Huntington, for it took Menzies 20 holes to beat him 1 up. Kent beat Cox 2 up and 1 to play. Sweny greatly improved his form of the first round, and beat Rushmore 5 up and 4 to play. Lynch had a bit of hard luck, and was beaten by Collier 1 up in 19 holes.

The second day brought Kent and Sweny together in a match which showed strong, steady golf on the part of Kent, counterbalanced by a brilliant finish of Sweny's that made him winner. Going out, Kent had 42, to 43 strokes by Sweny; returning, Kent was 43, Sweny 39.

MENZIES GAVE SOME EVIDENCE, in his match with Collier, of that occasional skill he develops, and which at one time was thought reliable enough to give him a chance at the national championships. He was strong on the drives, in his approach, and on the green, winning easily by 7 up and 5 to play.

This left the final to be decided between Sweny and Menzies. Sweny is an unsightly performer, but his skill is undoubted. Both men played steadily and carefully going out, and the round ended 1 up in Menzies's favor. Both pulled their drives at the fourteenth hole, Menzies getting into long grass, Sweny going into a bunker, and each losing two strokes in escaping their difficulties, Sweny finally winning the hole by 8 to 9. Again at the sixteenth hole Menzies was 1 up, and again he pulled his drive and went into the edge of the woods, thereby losing the next hole. Both were on the eighteenth green in three, Sweny a yard from the hole, and Menzies at the green's edge; nevertheless, Menzies, by a long put and a stymie, halved the hole, and the two were even for the two rounds, with 89 strokes each. At the nineteenth hole a lucky drive of Sweny's struck a rock and bounded into a fine lie in the middle of the course; Menzies's drive was shorter. Long iron plays by each, and eventually Sweny won the hole and match by 1 up, the score by strokes for the 19 holes being, Sweny 92; Menzies, 93. The Consolation Cup was won by Dinsmore, and the special handicap, over W. A. Larned, the lawn-tennis crack, by A. Atkinson, a new and unknown player from New Brunswick.

THE MONTHLY HANDICAP TOURNAMENTS of St. Andrews have done a great deal in raising the average golfing strength of the club, to say nothing of popularizing the game. The general play this autumn has been better than usual, only five in sixteen contestants last Wednesday passing the 100 mark in their scores. The best card of the day was handed in by B. S. de Garmendia, whose gross score of 85 was two strokes better than the next best, turned in by A. L. Livermore, on scratch. The other scratch players, Ten Eyck and W. H. Sands, made the round in 90 and 97 respectively. De Garmendia's net score of 82 was tied by R. L. Cuthbert, whose gross was 93, and handicap 11. The best previous score made this autumn was 87, by Sweny, so that De Garmendia's 85 becomes the best of this season's performances.

No records have been made anywhere this autumn, however, to equal those of Whigham and Macdonald at Chicago the other day.

On the Morristown Golf Club course the handicap class tournaments have also greatly improved the quality of general play. And they seem to have developed at least one scratch man in William Shippen, whose future work in other club tournaments we shall regard with interest. Recently he won the club tournament by the excellent score of 84, his driving and approaching being particularly strong. The next meeting for the club championship should provide an interesting struggle between Messrs. Shippen and Tyng.

The Toler-Webb match at the Knollwood Country Club last week was for the most part more an exhibition of long though poorly directed driving on the part of Webb, an Irish player of prominence, than a showing of skilful golf. Until near the ending of the second round the play was quite uneven, blunders being numerous. Webb proved to be a very long driver, and won by 83 to Toler's 88.

This week Lenox is holding a tournament for its $500 challenge cup, and the entries and play should be the best of the season.

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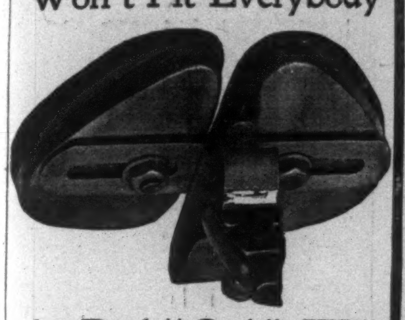

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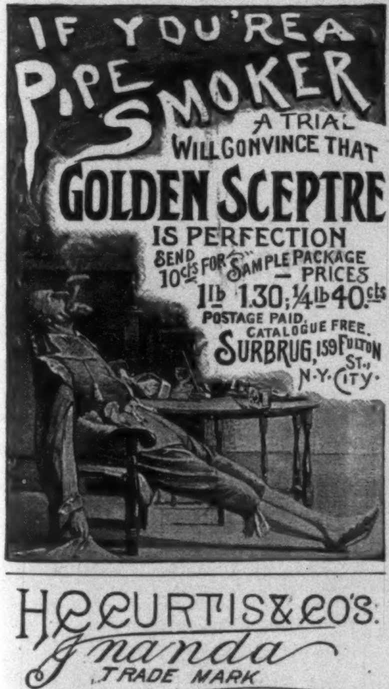

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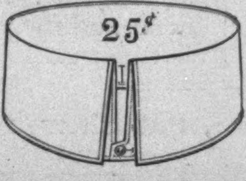

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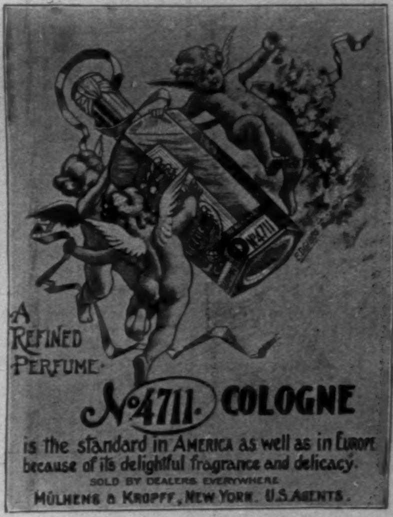

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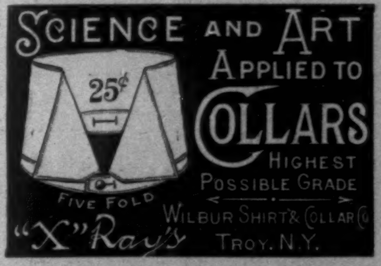

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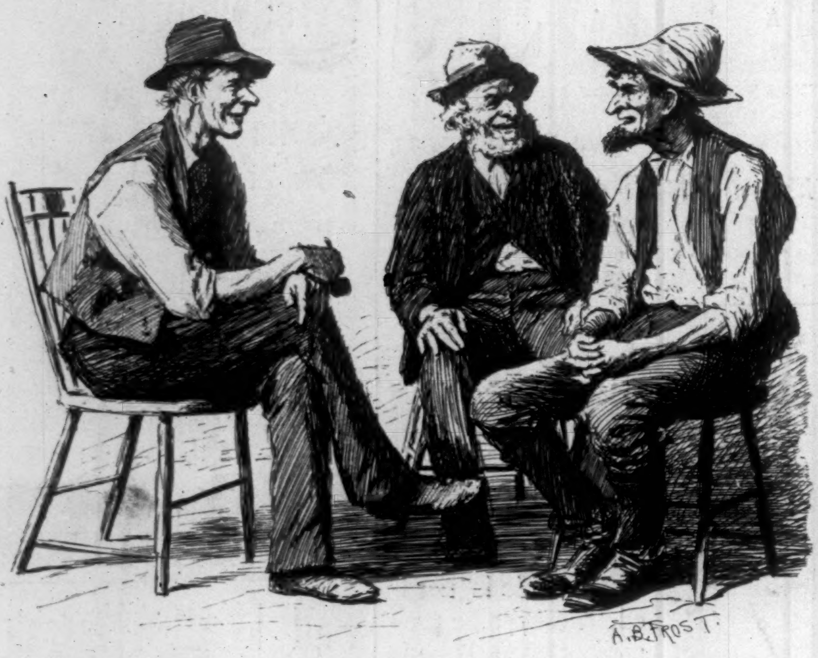

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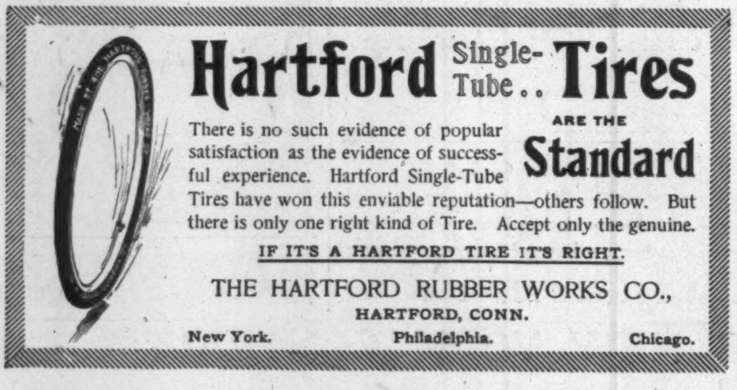
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